



SATURDAY NIGHT.

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Things in General.

IN the township of West Luther there occurred the other day the death of a mother, following the birth of a child at which neither nurse nor doctor was in attendance. The mother belonged to the religious sect known as the Dowieites. This sect believes that "as God can save the soul, He can save the body, and if it is His wish to recall the body and soul, no physician nor medicine can avail." According to press reports, the West Luther mother, a few nights before her death, expressed a desire to have a doctor called, and the husband promised to get one in the morning if she then insisted. His brother calling next morning, agreed one should be called, but stipulated "that the horse must take the right road through God's direction." He started on the trip, but the horse turned off the road to a favorite field. The woman died in great agony. All the "medical" treatment she received was cold applications to her head and hot applications to her feet. Very properly, the case was made the subject of a coroner's inquiry, and the jury has returned a verdict which, while not locating the responsibility for the woman's death, condemns the folly of certain religious sects in refusing professional skill, which in many cases amounts to criminal negligence.

This is the second case of the kind in Canada within a couple of months, another woman, down in the Maritime Provinces, having died after childbirth because her husband called in no medical aid, but depended on the efficacy of telegrams to the man Dowie in Chicago for special prayers. This sort of thing, together with similar cases in the ranks of the Christian Scientists, is becoming of altogether too frequent occurrence, and it seems to me somebody in both the West Luther case and the Maritime Province case should be severely punished.

The United States press tells of some bad Christian Science cases last month. On April 18 a child died of diphtheria in Fanwood, New Jersey, after Christian Science treatment had failed. The mother preferred Christian Science to medical treatment. Two other children in the same family also had diphtheria, but the mother's faith had given out before their turn came. They had a doctor, and though one of them has since died, for him what could be done was done.

The law cannot step in and prevent a man or woman from being a fool. The Christian Scientists deny the very existence of disease. They say it is all imagination and sin. The Dowieites admit there is disease, but say it should be cured by faith, not by drugs. As well might a person argue that if one's clothes caught fire, or one's house was burning down, it would be the same thing to stand still and say, "There is no fire," or "There is fire, but God will put it out." The law cannot amend the mental equipment of people who can accept such logic, but while a person has a perfect right to accept and practice Christian Science or Dowieism for him or herself, those who apply these views where the lives of others are at stake ought to be held to account. In the Fanwood, N.J., case, for example, Christian Science and the insane view of disease it inculcates were imposed on little children who had no voice in the matter. These children were unquestionably sick, although Christian Science denies the existence of sickness, and they died. They might not have recovered, even had the doctors been called in at the start, for medical science cannot always save life. If they had recovered without medical aid, the Christian Scientists would have claimed it as a vindication of their belief. And now that they have died, the Scientists are saying that the case was taken out of their hands, and are able to claim that they would have been successful if they had been given the chance. Mrs. Eddy and her colleagues thus have two strings on those who submit themselves to their doctrine, and whether a patient dies or pulls through, the relatives are left with an agonizing doubt as to whether the right thing or the wrong thing was done.

THE generous distribution of honorary degrees by the up-to-date universities threatens to convert every Canadian who is distinguished enough to be known outside his native township, into a Doctor of Something-or-other, in the near future. The occasions where the honorary degree of LL.D. is merited and appropriate, are rare. Yet every spring, at Kingston and Toronto, following the example set by colleges in the United States, there is a generous hand-out of alphabetical distinctions. The suspicion is growing that the universities frequently use their degree-conferring powers to "cultivate" persons whose friendship is worth having. The multiplication of titles and prefixes is a fad. It has been pushed so far that the distinctions are no longer prized, for as a rule they mean absolutely nothing. As a species of polite toadyism the thing is becoming distasteful to the intelligent.

ONE of those periodical "bull movements" that sweep over the stock market and craze people with dreams of sudden opulence, has been engaging the attention of the world. Some men have made thousands of dollars, others have made hundreds of thousands, and doubtless a very few have cleaned up close to the million in the phenomenal advance of so-called values. Those who have made will be fortunate if they do not lose as much or more before the inevitable "slump" brings the market back to its normal condition. The history of stock speculation is pretty much a repetition of just such phenomena as we are now observing. The high spirits and reckless optimism of these financial debauches are sure to be succeeded by a "dark brown taste in the morning." We speak of "making" money in speculation of this kind, but money or value is not created in such transactions; it simply changes hands. The market value of a stock may increase overnight and its holders wake up to find themselves richer by thousands than when they went to bed. Seemingly the accrued value is so much profit found. But the point to be remembered is that no stock has any lasting value that is not based on the worth or earning power of the property back of the stock. In the present boom, stocks have advanced in price without anything being added to the capital investment or to the earning powers, present or prospective, of the properties concerned. The equipment and road-beds of railways have remained precisely what they were months ago, while their stocks have doubled and trebled in price. Much of the latter increase is purely speculative, and must in the nature of things prove fictitious, as the man who hangs on too long, or who buys last, will certainly discover. If some succeed in making large fortunes, others lose large fortunes, and still a greater number lose little, but lose all.

FROM the amount of worrying done by the clerical persons of this city about so-called "Sabbath" desecration, one would imagine the observance of Sunday to be not only the core and essence of our creed, but the chief end of man. In no less than two of the denominational Ministerial Associations on Monday, this question of "Sabbath" violation was up for discussion. It is always assumed by our clerical brethren that somebody is plotting and scheming to do away with the one day of rest in seven. Who is this unspeakable individual? Where does he make

his lair? By all means let him be named and located, that we may reprove and, if necessary, muzzle and chain the beast. Nobody, so far as I have ever been able to discover, wants to abolish the day of rest. Canadian sentiment is entirely in favor of restricting Sunday labor to the smallest limits consistent with the physical and mental, as well as spiritual, liberty of the majority. The day of rest is recognized as an economic necessity. People should be free, within reasonable limits, however, to define for themselves what constitutes a day of rest. The majority are willing to grant one another this freedom of choice. But we all know that the clerical profession fought bitterly and long against the right of any one to spend Sunday in any other way except that prescribed by the minority.

Two or three secular airs, it is charged, were played by the band at the Island last Sunday. This heinous offence has sent some of the preachers into fits of righteous horror. Inasmuch as the Sunday band performances were established as sacred concerts, it would be as well that their ostensible character should be honestly maintained. There is, however, no inherent quality in music that makes it sacred or profane. Sacred music is sacred merely from association, and so with music not called sacred. The Being who decreed the natural laws under which all sweet sounds are produced, and who instituted harmony and rhythm from the beginning, has not given to any human creature a special revelation as to the precise kind of music acceptable at His altars. It is true that there are certain airs that could not possibly suggest thoughts of a devotional kind. Much so-called secular music, on the other hand, is both intrinsically and by association more elevated and refining than many of the airs used in the churches. It is doubtful if the highest kind of music has had a devotional inspiration. Many of the popular hymn tunes are mere jingles, devoid of merit as music, and utterly meaningless apart from the verses sung to them. The preachers would presumably deem it proper that the poorest air should be played by a band on Sunday, so long as it could be found in a hymnal or some book marked "Sacred Selections."



IN A TORONTO PARK.

tions," but they would hold up their hands in horror at the very thought of the majestic "William Tell Overture" or the simple and touching strains of "Home, Sweet Home," or "Annie Laurie" being rendered under similar circumstances. Where is the difference that makes one legitimate and the other improper and dangerous? And why should generally sane and sensible men, who happen to be wearing black coats and white chokers, get up and say that a secular air played on Sunday will necessarily open the door to Sunday baseball, Sunday theaters, Sunday dancing, and all sorts of Sunday enormities?

Instead of spending so much time and thought on the purely formal and external things of religion, cannot our spiritual guides find something in this city of two hundred and twenty-five thousand souls to occupy all their thought and effort? There are thousands upon thousands in Toronto who do not go to the churches. In what measure are the churches going to them? What of the dwellers in the sordid, unlovely places of the down-town district? What of the men and women who inhabit squalid quarters in noisome alleys, or up narrow stairways, and who make their living—who knows, and who cares, how? What of the children who are getting their only education in the streets, forced into untimely maturity and the knowledge of things evil? It is true there are fewer people of this class in Toronto than in most cities of its size, but they are here, nevertheless, and what is being done for them by the religious leaders? All sorts of academic and theological questions are discussed by the brethren ad nauseam. There is time for contentions and bickerings over the miserable insignificance of form and ceremonial. The mere externals and incidentals of a painfully literal morality—similar to the legalism of the Scribes and Pharisees—are debated and re-debated. While men and women are dying in need of the truth, how absurd and pitiful for those who profess to have that truth to be fighting windmills, such as the question of secular music on Sunday. The outside of the vessel has been scrubbed and polished enough. Isn't it time for the Christian world to do a little more cleaning at the inside?

PROPOS of the above, the grand, comprehensive grasp of the preachers on the spiritual needs of the time is well indicated in the following news paragraph from Wednesday's dailies:

"There was a special meeting of the Executive of the Lord's Day Alliance yesterday afternoon, in conjunction with representatives from the various ministerial associations. It was held for the purpose of protesting against flagrant violations of the Lord's Day Act, such as Sab-

bath excursions, open ice cream saloons, and confectionery stores. Members of the Alliance patrolled the city last Sunday, with the result that specific breaches of the Act were reported at the meeting. When all these are in, the Alliance intend to call the attention of the press to the matter, with the purpose of insuring complete publicity."

Truly the open ice cream saloon and confectionery store are abominations calling for a Pentecostal outpouring. The statement that members of the Alliance patrolled the city last Sunday means, if it means anything, that a beautiful system of espionage is being established in our midst. The peeper and eavesdropper are types of moral reformer which the hysterical self-elected censors of public and private morals evidently deem legitimate if not apostolic.

THE people of Canada are attached to the Crown first because it is associated inseparably with the name of Queen Victoria, and secondly because it is the emblem of a united Empire and a symbol of the bond of sympathy subsisting between all the members of the family of British commonwealths, the world over. The people of Canada in no sense regard royalty as a domestic institution. They are content and well pleased that royalty should continue as a part of the established system of the Mother Country, and that, as such, it should have the respect and homage necessary to its continuance. The word Dominion is good enough for Canada, and a great deal better than "kingdom" or "empire" could possibly be. The effect of forcing an inappropriate phraseology on this country, quite satisfied as it is with its present relation to the Crown, might be to create antipathies that do not now exist. Canadians can be loyal and dutiful to King Edward and his successors and cordially attached to Anglo-Saxon ideals without having the throne established in their midst by a form of words not hitherto found necessary. The British Empire as constituted under Queen Victoria should be satisfactory, without messing and meddling with details. Such changes as come about by natural processes are the

South Africa, and doubtless her pride has been as rudely trampled as that of any member of her race by the turn events have taken, and the supremacy of the hated "rooinek." Her heart, like the hearts of thousands of others, must be filled with bitter memories and vain regrets. But it is either her good or ill fortune to be endowed with that common sense and practical nature which enables her to recognize the hopelessness of further resistance. And so she has become—voluntarily and yet reluctantly, one would imagine—an intermediary between conqueror and conquered. The role at best must be distasteful. It doubtless lays her open to misunderstanding and obloquy amongst those whose respect she most cherishes. There is something dramatic and touching in the picture of this simple burgher woman, broken in health from anxiety and constant journeyings, setting sail for Europe that she may plead with the obstinate dotard, Kruger, to speak the word that should bring peace. Mrs. Botha, it strikes me, must be a very fine, sensible woman. It is possible that neither Bobs nor Kitchener, neither Cronje nor De Wet, affords the truly heroic figure of this heart-breaking war. It may be that, after all, that figure is a woman, and none other than simple Mrs. Botha.

THE proposal to erect a monument at Quebec to the United States general, Montgomery, should not be countenanced for a moment. The erection of a monument to any of the British generals who led invading forces into the United States would not be tolerated in that country. I fancy I hear the Yankee answer to any request to raise on their soil a memorial to Cornwallis or Pakenham or any other British soldier who fought there at the head of a hostile army. Montgomery was not even an admirable or honorable soldier. There is no reason why Canadians should humble themselves by permitting his monument to be planted in their midst. Next thing, our nifty neighbors will be asking permission to rear a shaft at Ridgeway to the undying glory of the Fenian horde who came over and spilt good Canadian blood in '66.

IT is good to know that severe punishment has at last been meted out to one of the young rowdies who have long been in the habit of insulting and attempting to blackmail promenaders in the suburbs of this city. Toronto is not the only place cursed with a hooligan element. Every city and large town, and many country places, have boys and men who delight in frightening and bullying people on the highways. The Parkdale young man, Geoffrey Monkhouse, who, while in company with a lady in a secluded street, was grossly insulted by a rowdy, and who promptly procured the assistance of a friend and overpowered the insulter, carrying him to the nearest police station, did the proper thing, but the thing that few would have had the courage and presence of mind to do. Mr. Monkhouse ought to have a medal, and all those who have suffered from the freshness of youthful street toughs should contribute.

M R. A. F. CAMPBELL, a former member of the Ontario Legislature, and a man prominent for years as a Conservative worker, asserts in a Lindsay paper that both parties bribe the electors, that they do it with money, that there is a large purchasable vote in every riding, and that there are very few constituencies that cannot be won with \$5,000 cash. Coming from one who knows the inside of machine politics, this is not a very encouraging report on the political morality of our people. Yet I think that amongst those who know the real situation and are candid enough to admit facts, it will be acknowledged that there is a good deal of truth in what Mr. Campbell alleges. In every constituency there are voters whose palms are open for any cash that may be circulating corruptly, and in every close constituency there are probably enough of these individuals to turn an election, provided the majority of the electors divide, as they usually do, into two opposing camps, each of which kills the votes of the others. One thousand dollars is a large sum of money in a rural constituency, and while the average agriculturist inherits his politics, as he does the color of his hair, and cannot be swayed from his allegiance, there are generally, even in the best townships, a number of poor and shiftless people, eking out an existence on bad or neglected land, to whom a five-dollar bill is a consideration. In approaching a constituency, however, the politician must not only reckon with the corruptible element, but with the independent voters. The latter are not by any means always men who have cut adrift from the party organizations and become "straddle-bugs." There is in each party a proportion of men disposed to exercise their individual judgment on public questions, and, above all, to "see the square thing done." This proportion, fortunately, is growing, and tends more and more to offset the influence of the purchasable vote in both urban and rural constituencies.

Mr. Campbell attributes the deplorable condition he describes to the wide extension of the franchise. "People," he says, "were given the right to vote, without principles and intelligence." This is true, and while it is equally true that politicians could not bribe if there were none willing to be bribed, party men cannot, by the process of reasoning Mr. Campbell adopts, shift the responsibility for existing corruption on the shoulders of the illiterate and unprincipled voter. The politicians are not illiterate, and they at least do not admit that they are unprincipled. They have no right to yield to a temptation simply because it exists. On the other hand, we cannot expect politicians to be superhuman and invincible in the face of temptation. The deplorable thing is that corruption breeds corruption. When a voter has once been bought, he not only expects to be bought always, but his neighbors and cronies may also conclude that they might as well have a share of whatever is going.

Those who, like Mr. Campbell, place the blame for existing corruption on the extensive franchise, are possibly correct in their view. But they overlook the point that the only way people can be educated up to any kind of responsibility is by having responsibility put upon them. How are men ever to be taught the nature of citizenship and the value of the franchise except by exercising the rights of citizenship through the franchise? They may wrong themselves and their country because of failure to appreciate their privileges; the educative process may entail temporary evils upon society. Yet all democratic government is founded on the assumption that men grow strong by exercising their strength, and if we are not prepared to admit this proposition we might as well get back to absolute monarchy at once. Representative government is the most expensive and in some respects the most dangerous system, but, after all, who of us would exchange the least perfect representative form for the most benevolent despotic one?

AS is well known, doctors consider it bad professional form to advertise, even to the extent of publishing "cards" in the newspapers. An absurd example of the length to which this species of etiquette can be carried, comes from an English city, where a proposal to insert a list of their names and addresses in the official "guide" or directory was sat upon by the local practitioners as being "too much in the form of an advertisement." A humorist

suggests that the doctors should now take down their brass plates, which are obviously "in the form of advertisements" and nothing else. The reasonableness of this suggestion is not open to question. A brazen sign, displayed on a house, and possibly emphasized by a red lamp, is a flaunting proclamation of the householder's business to every passer-by. For a profession which regards advertising as "infamous," brass plates and red lamps are obviously indefensible.

THE "Anglo-American Magazine," of New York, dealing with a recent paragraph in these columns, says: "A prophet in the Toronto 'Saturday Night' predicts that an effort will be made to elect Mr. McKinley for a third term. The effort may be made, as similar efforts have been made before; but the impossibility of the thing's success is as certain now as it ever has been in the past." I have no doubt that it would require very astute and shrewd management on the part of the President's backers to place him in the chief executive's chair for a third term. But many things that were thought to be impossible have come to pass. The United States has departed further from the letter and spirit of the Declaration of Independence and the Federal Constitution, in acquiring foreign colonies and dependencies, than it would depart from any tradition or convention of its government in electing Mr. McKinley for a third term. Nothing but public opinion and a sort of negative rule, not embodied in any document of state, stands in the way of the latter. Public opinion can be slowly moulded or it can be stamped. Unwritten rules can be ignored when a coach and four can so easily be driven through the most solemn written pledges.

WE frequently hear it deplored that the Public schools of Ontario are "Godless schools." Some people are fond of tracing real and imaginary evils to the lack of religious instruction in the class-rooms. These people always assume two things: first, that the school, as well as the home, is a fit and proper place for the teaching of religion; secondly, that if religion were taught in the schools, the youth of the country would be certain to grow up more honest, less selfish, and better all round, than they now are. The same line of criticism of the "Board schools" is popular in certain quarters in England, and in this connection London "Truth" tells of an incident at Dudley, where the advocates of denominational schools had denounced "Godless education" and attributed to it the prevalence of juvenile crime. A member of the Dudley school board consulted the police on the subject. The result was instructive. It was ascertained that out of the last thirty children convicted by the magistrates, eighteen had been pupils in denominational schools, only twelve coming from the much-abused Board schools. Moreover, twenty out of the thirty attended Sunday schools, so that in these cases definite religious teaching does not seem to have done much good. "The attempt to put the responsibility for the development of juvenile criminals on the Board schools is probably as unfair elsewhere," says the paper quoted, "as it has been thus proved to be at Dudley."

ONE of the lines along which human knowledge may be expected to make some marvellous advances in the course of the next few years, is the forecasting of the weather. As nearly every one has discovered at times, to his or her sorrow, this is far from an exact science in its present stage. Yet Old Probs is constantly becoming a more reliable character, and the small proportion of misses in the weather bulletins is astonishing if one stops to consider the matter. However, greater things are prophesied, and there seems to be a general consensus of opinion amongst meteorologists, approaching the subject from widely separated points of view, that it will yet be possible to foretell general weather conditions far in advance. Reference has before now been made in "Saturday Night" to the theories of a Russian engineer who claims that he has been able by careful study of lunar conditions to forecast the general character of the weather months ahead, and who has but recently, in pursuance of his belief, established a paper called "Klimat," which comes to this office as an exchange. An official of the United States Weather Bureau, on the other hand, has been making a special study of the dark lines in the spectrum of the sun, with the same purpose in view, and has stated his opinion that the variations of these lines are vitally connected with terrestrial weather conditions, which he believes may yet be foretold far in advance. Working along still another line, Sir Norman Lockyer, and our own Observatory director, Mr. Stupart, are studying the history of sun spots in relation to rainfall. The former has made some interesting generalizations with regard to the influence of these solar disturbances on the periods of drought in India, while Mr. Stupart finds that in Ontario, during the past seventy years, there has been a well-established connection between the periods of sun spot activity and the amount of rainfall. Based on these investigations, the local Observatory makes the prediction that during the coming year the precipitation will be heavy in this part of the world. It will be interesting to observe whether this opinion is borne out. If so, we are practically on the threshold of a new and wonderful application of science, of the utmost economic importance to the world. Not even the developments of electricity could promise more.

IT is not often that one hears any criticism of the Canadian banking system, which the people of this country have been led to suppose is as near perfection as anything human could be. The "Economist," a financial and mining paper published in Toronto, thinks that the Canadian system is not all it has been painted, and its comments are interesting if only because they may set people thinking. "The primary business of a bank," says the "Economist," "is to receive deposits, make loans, and buy and sell drafts—in short to serve the public, and for a fair remuneration. The profit to be made from circulation of paper currency should be made by the people who circulate it, and not by the banks. There is at present an average bank circulation of about \$45,000,000, but granting that the banks are able to keep in the hands of the public \$30,000,000 of their own notes for which they charge borrowers 6 or 7 per cent. interest, granting the circulation is even worth to the banks only 4 per cent., the profit would be \$1,200,000 annually. It is this fabulous profit to the banks which enables them to pay their head officials such high salaries which are out of all proportion to their worth in comparison with men of ten times their ability and standing in the country. . . . As to elasticity in the currency, the Government, by making the banks depositories, could avoid the disadvantage of the independent treasury and not congest too much money in any locality. The branch system is claimed by Canadian bankers to be another point of superiority to the American. This system would not be suitable to the United States, and will be less suitable to Canada the larger the population becomes. A business man in Dakota or Texas would not be dictated to by men living in New York, as to his line of discount, and rightly so, as his needs and requirements would be out of their line of experience. It would be on the plan of the non-resident Irish landlord who never visited his estates. We think that if the power of the Canadian banks were localized more than it is it would be better for the business of the country. This could be done by limiting the capital to say \$3,000,000 to each bank and not allowing branches out of the province where the head office was established. There would then be a great many more banks, but the business man would be in a more independent position. A danger that we see at present is the bringing pressure to bear on the Finance Minister to pass legislation in favor of the banks, such as preventing the establishment of a Canadian mint, and the Government Bank Inspector. This latter should certainly be appointed. Insurance companies which are custodians of the people's money are subjected to strict examination by actuaries, and the banks should not be exempt from rigid inspection by competent Government officials."

Social and Personal.



HE next and last great reunion of society before the dispersion of the various parties for England, the seaside, Muskoka, or the Continent, is the O.J.C. May meeting, forecasts of which are now in the air. It is said that again will a tangible evidence of good times be given, in the beauty of the costumes worn at the Woodbine, and the lavishness of the luncheons, suppers and dinners given during Race Week. A large dance is even spoken of, but should the weather prove as warm as is promised, it is probable that the ever delightful Hunt Club, the various golf club houses, and the homes of smart hosts will be dangerous rivals to the success of a soiree d'ansante. Meanwhile people are already discussing club and cafe suppers for Race Week, and the prospects are bright for a record May meeting. The horses are promising, too, and there will be, if I am rightly informed, some of the ever-popular Ottawa people to the fore. To a very gracious interest in the success of any sports event, His Excellency adds a keen appreciation and thorough judgment of good horse-flesh.

Last Saturday there was a constant stream of carriages from Oak Lodge, where Lady Burton received, to St. George street, where a late afternoon tea had been hurriedly arranged by Mrs. Stewart Houston in honor of Madame Albani-Gye (and, by the way, that last name is pronounced with the G soft). Many persons spent quite a nice hour at each tea, going early to Oak Lodge, and staying late at Mrs. Houston's. The former rendezvous of society was pretty and summer-like on the lawn and verandah, when the young green of spring clothed the turf and faintly touched the trees, and where chairs and sofas invited one to sit a while in the sunny garden and enjoy the air and brightness. Within the broad portals was a brilliant crowd, chatting, exchanging plans, saying welcome to some recently returned bride couple, or bidding goodbye to some one shortly to cross the ocean. Miss Burton received for her mother, at the entrance to the drawing-rooms, and Sir George seconded her pleasant greeting with his own courtly and benign smile and hand-shake. Lady Burton sat in her favorite corner in the drawing-room, and had many a little visit and chat with old friends. Mrs. Hart, her sister, was near her, and several other ladies were also most cordial and attentive in the dining-room, where a great table, centered with a silver epergne, filled with ferns and pink carnations, was the attraction, for there were set the dainties dear to the five o'clocker. Miss Gladys Burton, Miss Bayard, and Mrs. George Burton were of the house party, and some of the large and smart company were: Lady Tilley, who brought sweet Miss Isabel Howland, and who was escorted by His Worship, Mayor Howland; Lady Howland, Dr. and Mrs. Goldwin Smith and Miss Homer Dixon, Mrs. Becher of Sylvan Tower and Miss Macklem, Dr. Parkin, C.M.G., and Mrs. Parkin, Mrs. Sweeny of Rohallion, Mrs. G. R. K. Cockburn, Mrs. Small, Mrs. Armstrong Black, Mrs. Stewart Gordon, Mr. Eric Armour, Mrs. Strathy, Mrs. Lefroy, Mrs. MacMahon, Mr. and Mrs. A. Dickson Patterson, Mrs. McKinnon, Mrs. Macphay, Mrs. Prince, Miss Ross, Mrs. Willie Gwynn, Mr. Douglas Young, Mrs. V. E. Fuller and Miss Ruth Fuller, Mrs. George A. Peters, the Misses Dupont, Mrs. Hodgins, Miss Hodgins, Professor Mavor, Mr. and Miss Jennings, Mr. and Mrs. Armour, Mr. Langton, Mrs. Clinch, Mrs. and Miss Harman, Mrs. Schoenberger and Miss Tate, Mrs. Chadwick and Mrs. Tisdale of Orillia, Mrs. Jarvis, Mr. and Mrs. Edmund Jarvis, Mr. and Miss Nordheimer, Miss Benson, Miss Scott, the Misses McMicking, the Misses McCutcheon, Miss McMurrich, Professor Laing, Mrs. and Miss Harrison, Mr. and Mrs. Norman Burns, Mr. Moss, Mrs. Charles Moss, Mrs. and Miss Scarth, Mrs. and Miss Falconbridge, Mrs. Burnett, Mrs. Irving Cameron.

At Mrs. Houston's tea many of the guests from Oak Lodge found themselves about six o'clock, when the guest of honor, in a pale blue and black gown, with a pretty toque and the brightest of smiles and prettiest of badinage, was surrounded by crowds of old and new friends, each anxious for a word with "la douce et bonne Canadienne." Madame Albani's sweet and sincere manner is a potent charm, and she laughingly accepted the earnest compliments of those who had so much enjoyed her singing on the previous evening and at the matinee of Saturday. Miss Muriel Foster, tall and handsome, was in another part of the room, and also surrounded. Mrs. Houston greeted her guests and presented them to the famous Albani, and later on they found their way to the dining-room, where the tea and ices were under discussion, with now and then a tasty "cup" to drink the health of the clever hostess and her artist guests. Miss Honor Clayton, Miss Athol Boulton and Miss Christobel Robinson of Beverley House were in charge of the tea-table. Among those who had a chat with Albani was one to whom she gave a hearty congratulation, Colonel Otter, and many to whom she cleverly said some apropos and pleasant word which sent them away smiling. Madame Albani did not sing; after the fatigue of the afternoon and the prospect of a hurried departure by train, no one had the temerity to ask her, but she left a bright and happy memory of herself with the company bidden in her honor, and also with those who attended her concerts, the pleasure of knowing that she still sings most delightfully. A few of Mrs. Houston's guests were: Lady Tilley, Miss Isabel Howland, Mayor Howland, Mr. and Mrs. Walter Beadmore, Colonel Otter, Captain Nelles, Captain Archie Macdonell, Mrs. William Mackenzie, the Misses Mackenzie, Dr. and Mrs. Armstrong Black, Mrs. Walter Barwick, Dr. and Mrs. Parkin, Dr. and Mrs. Thornburn, Dr. and Mrs. Goldwin Smith, Mrs. and the Misses Elmsley, Mr. and Mrs. Elmsley, Mr. and Mrs. Dickson Patterson, Miss Boulton, Canon and Mrs. Welch, Dr. and Mrs. Walker, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Vankoughnet, Mrs. Prince, Miss Ross, Mrs. Chadwick, Mrs. Tisdale, Mr. Scott, Mrs. Gwynn, Mrs. Ince, Mr. Heward, Mr. McCarthy, Mrs. Boswell, Mr. and Mrs. Arnoldi, Mrs. Wadsworth, Mrs. Gordon, Miss Langmuir, Miss Patterson, Mrs. Lorne Campbell, Mrs. Bolte, Mrs. FitzGibbon, Mr. Beadmore, Mr. Wyly Grier, Mr. F. H. Dixon, Mr. H. Osborne, Mr. J. Langmuir, the Misses Ball, Mrs. and Miss Harrison.

Mr. Alfred Plummer has sold his house in Lowther avenue, and Mrs. Plummer and the family leave to-day for Lakefield, where they will spend the summer. Mrs. Laurence of Avenue road has purchased the Plummer house, I am told.

Mrs. J. Enoch Thompson sails for England to-day from New York, for a visit to her native place. Bon voyage and a happy time were wished her by many friends when she left Toronto on Thursday.

Mrs. Edwin Thomas of Buffalo is visiting Mrs. A. Huyck Garratt this week.

On Wednesday quite a startling accident happened to Dr. and Mrs. Algernon Temple in the Queen's Park, when their horse took fright at an automobile. Both the doctor and Mrs. Temple were thrown out of their carriage, which overturned, and though not very seriously hurt, the two were very badly shaken up and cut. On Thursday they were, however, doing very well, and the great anxiety of their family and friends was lessened.

The death of Mrs. S. H. Blake, of which a cable surprised her family and friends on Sunday, was a great

shock and sorrow to everyone, for although Mrs. Blake has been for a long while an invalid, no one had other than hopes that her journey to the medical springs at Nordheim, Germany, would result in aught but benefit to her frail health. But it was decreed otherwise, and after a trying voyage Mrs. Blake had only strength for a brief period before she succumbed at the residence of Hon. Edward Blake in London. Her sweet sister, Mrs. Edward Blake, was with her in her last hours, and Dr. Caven gave her every attention both on the voyage and subsequently. Mrs. Blake was Miss Cronyn, daughter of the late Lord Bishop of Huron, and Mrs. Edward Blake was her sister as well as sister-in-law. Another sister, Mrs. Burroughs, wife of General Burroughs, died and was buried in England, where Mrs. Blake expressed a wish to be also interred. Mrs. Frank Moss, Mrs. Rheinlander, and Mr. W. Hume Blake, are surviving children of the regretted lady, and with Mr. Blake, who is overcome by his bereavement, have the warmest sympathy in their irreparable loss.

I am told that Dr. and Mrs. Brown of Dawson City may visit Ontario this summer. Mrs. Brown was formerly Miss Alice Freeman—"Faith Fenton" of many pleasant paragraphs.

Miss Aileen Gooderham has been quite ill with rheumatism, and is still, I believe, confined to her room.

Captain J. Forbes Michie and Miss Annie Michie have returned from their trip south.

While many friends were wondering how he was, on Saturday, Mr. Hugh Macdonald quietly passed away at his home in Wellington street west, after a short illness. His family, very small, and unusually bound up in each other, are deeply afflicted at his death, while all his friends and everyone connected with him in business and church matters bow the head and say a good man has gone to his rest. Mrs. and Miss Macdonald and Mr. J. Gordon Macdonald have many tokens of the earnest sympathy of their friends in their sorrow.

Mrs. H. N. Baird, Jr., held her post-nuptial receptions on Thursday and Friday, at 141 Bedford road. Mrs. H. D. Gamble held her post-nuptial receptions on Thursday and Friday at her residence, 32 Lowther avenue. Mrs. Dickson Patterson received yesterday at 10 Elmsley place, and receives again this afternoon, for the first time since her marriage. Mrs. C. Carrington Smith will receive on next Wednesday and Thursday afternoons.

Miss Edith McArthur gave a pretty little tea to a few girl friends to meet Miss Beatrice Anstey of Port Dover, last Tuesday afternoon.

Tea and golf will open the Spadina Golf Club for the first season of the century this afternoon, weather permitting. I drove around the fine links a few days since, and they are looking very tempting to the enthusiast. The club-house which has been secured by the club, is the Webb homestead in St. Clair avenue, quite a spacious house, and charmingly situated.

Mrs. Fred Jarvis is visiting her sister, Mrs. W. E. McKeough, in Chatham.

Mr. and Mrs. Coulson are back from Atlantic City. Colonel and Mrs. Otter are in their new residence in Beverley street.

The dance of the lilies, which was so much applauded at Massey Hall on Easter Monday, will be given at the benefit concert in Association Hall next Friday.

A feature of last week's entertainments was the beauty and the sweetness of the American Beauty roses which were everywhere abundant. At Mrs. Massey's one room was a bower of these queenly flowers, and a huge vase of them made Mrs. Houston's house heavily perfumed. The best of the perfume from these roses is that though very evident it is invigorating rather than heavy, and never becomes oppressive.

Miss Florence McArthur has gone abroad for the summer. Mrs. Matthews and Miss Matthews have returned from New York. Mr. and Mrs. James Burnham have taken up house in Beverley street. Mrs. Weir of Montreal is visiting Mrs. J. J. Foy. Mr. and Miss Boulthée of Iver House have returned from Barbadoes. Mrs. Boulthée is still with her daughter, Mrs. Longfield Smith, whose illness summoned the family to Barbadoes, but both are expected here shortly.

Mrs. Cameron of Rat Portage returned home on Tuesday. Mrs. Arthur Ross and her sister, Mrs. Campbell, who were in the country for change of air, are both home again, very much benefited in health.

A very pleasant concert and dance with a nicely served supper were given at the Temple building last Friday, May 3rd, by the officers and members of Court Senefelder, I.O.F., to about two hundred and fifty guests. As usual, nothing but praise was heard of the music, floor and supper.

Among new pretty adjuncts to the fashionable girl's toilette is the "Smart" belt, with dropped front and artistic buckle, which gives the modish long-waisted front to any blouse. The Julian Sale people have some very pretty "Smart" belts which are most gracefully curved and designed. Everyone is charmed with them who admires style.

No. 1 Company, R.C.R.I., Major Denison, C.M.G., in command, gave their popular colonel a great send-off on Monday, when he left London for Stanley Barracks. A great crowd aided the soldiers to say good-bye, and the 7th Regiment band played as the train pulled out. Others beside the Toronto folk like our own Larry well!

Many smiles and greetings were sent to a natty little trap bearing a trio of much-welcomed folk on Wednesday, when Colonel and Mrs. Buchan, with pretty Miss Buchan on the back seat, went for a spin through the town. All three are looking as glad to be here as we are to have them.

Mr. and Mrs. Victor Armstrong, Mrs. Thomas W. Dyas and her family, Mrs. Rutten and her young folks, are settling on the Island, as usual, for the summer.

Mrs. Tisdale of Orillia was in town this week, the guest of Mrs. Chadwick of Lanmar.

Another June wedding will be that of Mr. George Biggar and Miss Ethel Tate.

Mrs. Walsh of Brunswick avenue is visiting her parents, Senator and Mrs. Wood of Hamilton, at the Russell, Ottawa.

Miss S. S. Tully and Miss Ellie Osler of Craigleigh have gone to England on a sketching tour.

The following Toronto people have been enjoying the mineral baths at the Welland, St. Catharines: Hon. Geo. W. Ross, Mrs. Ross, Dr. and Mrs. Langtry, Mr. J. B. Mathews, Mr. and Mrs. Wallace Anderson, Mrs. William Davies, Miss Nellie Davies, Mrs. Page Wadsworth, Mrs. Kay, Miss H. Kay, Mr. Frank Kay, Mr. R. J. McGahey, Mr. and Mrs. Dan A. Rose, Mrs. Dineen, Mr. and Mrs. Richard Brown, Miss Robinson, Mrs. John Macdonald, Miss Macdonald, Mr. and Mrs. Hume Blake, and Mr. P. A. Manning.

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Towelings from the Foremost
Makers in the World.

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makes which have always stood
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us to offer

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foods."—W. Carey Allen, M.D., Colorado
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Builder
Makes Flesh
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Makes Strong
the Weak**

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Extract on the market
prepared in a similar
manner to the world-
famed
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EXTRACT**
Manufactured in Co-
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Mr. L. Reinhardt grad-
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Conkey, 7 and 9 King St. West,
are in the daintiest form and are
perfections of the Caterer's art.*

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information, and if favored with an
order to do all in our power to
make their guests go away delight-
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Social and Personal.

THE beautiful weather brought
by the last change of the
moon has wooed everyone to
the country. The links at the
Hunt Club and the Toronto
Golf Club are always busy,
and many of the visitors to the city,
the brides and the bright young people,
have given up the afternoons to teas at
the various club houses, where several
pretty luncheons have also been given.

Mrs. and the Misses Clouston of
Montreal sailed for Canada on Wed-
nesday. They have been abroad all
winter.

The marriage of Mr. Budden of Mont-
real and Miss Fannie Small, daughter
of the late Dr. Small, is arranged to
take place on the 26th of next month.

Mrs. S. G. Wood is stopping with her
sister, Mrs. Hall, 15 Howland avenue,
and on Tuesday many of her friends
called to wish her bon voyage, as she
sails on the 18th for England.

Islanders are already getting settled
in their summer cottages, and a good
many new hostesses have decided to
spend the summer across the bay. Mrs.
Charles Fuller and her family will oc-
cupy a cottage at Center Island this
summer.

Jolly little golfing parties go out to
Lambton Mills, where a good, small
ground is arranged for practice.

Mrs. Skinner and the Misses Skinner
have removed to 76 Madison avenue,
where they will receive on the second
and fourth Fridays of the month.

An out-of-town engagement an-
nounced is that of Miss Jessie Muir,
daughter of Capt. William Muir of
Port Dalhousie, to Mr. Carleton S.
Warner of Naugatuck, Conn. The mar-
riage, I hear, is to take place some
time in June.

Mrs. Burnett of 58 Rose avenue gives
an At Home on Monday at half-past
four o'clock.

Mrs. Morrow of Halifax, who was
here for the Horse Show, the guest of
her mother, Mrs. MacDonald, of Oak-
lands, returned home last week.

Lieutenant-Colonel Buchanan, com-
manding officer of the Royal Canadian
Infantry at Stanley Barracks, arrived
in town on Monday. His place at Lon-
don is taken by Lieutenant-Colonel
Young, who has gone to his new post.
Mrs. Young was quite laid up with a
severe cold this week, but was better
before leaving. Mr. Douglas Young re-
mains in Toronto. Mrs. Buchanan and
Miss Buchanan have many friends here,
and their return to Stanley Barracks
has been indeed a pleasant happening.

A couple of banquets claimed Cap-
tain Churchill Cockburn, V.C., as guest
of honor on Monday and Tuesday even-
ings. The first was tendered to the
young officer and his fellow-campaigners,
Major Hamilton Merritt and Mr.
Darrell Warren, by the officers of the
Governor-General's Body Guard, in
which smart corps Captain Cockburn
holds an enviable distinction, for upon
it is reflected the glory of the Victoria
Cross, so gallantly won by its captain.
The second dinner was given by the
National Club, of which Captain
Cockburn is a member. The regimental
dinner took place in the officers' mes-
sroom at the Armouries, and Col-
onel Clarence Denison, G.B.E.G., pre-
sided. Among the guests were Colonel
Lessard, G. T. Denison, Delamere,
Bruce, Dunn, Major Peters, Mr. Elms-
ley and Mr. G. R. Cockburn. Need-
less to say, the dinner went off with
all the verve and success possible when
a strong spirit of camaraderie and a
very inspiring "raison d'être" were the
motives. Captain Cockburn, who does
not believe in speechifying, gave a
short and feeling response to the toast
of which he was the subject. Major
Merritt and Mr. Warren also made
short speeches. The messroom was
charmingly bright with flags and de-
corations, and the dinner excellently
served. Many words of praise of the
"four-footed" soldiers were spoken, the
gallantry of our cavalry being one of
the glories of their admiring friends.
On Tuesday evening Captain Cockburn,
V.C., was the guest of the National
Club, and again the recipient of the
acknowledgments of his bravery, which
has also been so delightfully acknow-
ledged by the Imperial hand. Mr. Mc-
Naught presided at the banquet, and
good speeches were made by Colonel
Otter, D.O.C., Colonel Lessard, C.B.,
Captain Barker, Colonel Buchanan, C.M.
G., beside the modest account of the war
given by the hero of the evening, and
the speech of his father, which seemed
to touch the right spot in every heart.
Captain Cockburn's honor, beside being
of superlative value to himself, is of
such a nature as to warrant any
amount of enthusiasm and jubilation
from his regiment and his fellow-cit-
izens generally. Beside these large and
more public demonstrations, a great
number of old friends called on Mrs.
Cockburn to rejoice with her, not only
in having her only son back in good
health, when so many only sons were
sacrificed in the war, but also in know-
ing that his courage and resource had
been so remarkable as to earn for him
the highest recognition possible from
the Empire to her soldier son.

One of Lyonde's splendid pictures of
Captain Churchill Cockburn, V.C., has
been sent to the "Illustrated London
News," in response to the request of
the editors to be allowed to reproduce
a likeness of the Canadian hero. Prob-
ably we shall in due time see the
other two V.C.'s with Captain Cock-
burn in this great English paper.

Lady Gzowski expects her daughter,
Mrs. Sandham, on a visit to The Hall
next month, and should Mrs. Turner's
son return in time, safe and sound from
the war, which all earnestly hope, Mrs.
Turner will also visit her mother this
summer.

The visit of that sweet singer, Miss
Grace Lillian Carter, of Boston, has
been the occasion of several very beau-

tiful entertainments. Last week Mrs.
W. E. Massey gave a luncheon and a
tea in honor of her artist niece, and
this week Mrs. Chester Massey gave a
luncheon. Miss Carter is a winning
and modest young singer, who has
many friends in Toronto.

At Mrs. Walter Massey's tea the
decorative scheme was quite elaborate,
and the quartette tables, at which an
extensive menu was most elegantly
served, were as pretty as could be. De-
licate mauve, daffodil yellow, deep red,
pink, and other colors in turn delighted
the guests who roamed looking for the
very prettiest of which to enjoy the
good things. Everything matched—
ribbons, flowers and dainties, and no
wonder the ladies lingered and peeped
at their neighbors' tables and com-
pared beauties as they enjoyed the
many nice things at the tea. The al-
terations in the charming home have
given greatly added room and beauty,
the warm crimson of the hall con-
trasting with the delicious coolness of
the fernery, where fountains sparkled
and played over the delicate growth of
many spreading plants. It was indeed
a lovely tea, and worthy of the very
charming hostess in whose honor it
was given.

Senator Cox went to England last
Saturday. Colonel and Mrs. Sweny
are to spend the summer abroad. Mr.
and Mrs. Walter Andrews leave for
England next month. Mr. and Mrs.
Frank Yelch and Mrs. Wilkie sail for
England on May 24.

Hon. G. W. Ross and Mrs. Ross have
returned from the Weiland, St. Cathar-
ines, where the Premier was much
benefited by the baths.

A message from the Governor-Gen-
eral has been sent by Captain Graham,
A.D.C., mentioning His Excellency's
appreciation of the smart and soldierly
appearance and movements of the city
regiments. The trooping of the colors
on the closing evening of the Show
was a most impressive and splendid
thing, and several of the visitors from
the States said they wouldn't have
missed it for anything.

Many art lovers have visited the ex-
hibition of Mr. George Chavignaud's
pictures at Matthews' Art Gallery this
week, and almost invariably those who
have done so have come away charmed
and delighted. The exhibition is main-
ly of water-colors, but there are a few
strong and characteristic oils. Mr.
Chavignaud's intimate sympathy with
Nature and his power to interpret her
varying moods and aspects have not
only lost nothing, but are gaining
strength and charm with time. The
range covered by the pictures now on
exhibition is, indeed, wide. From dark,
rain-dashed or wind-swept landscapes
of the Netherlands the artist transports
one in an instant to the sun-washed,
color-laden meadows and riversides of
Canada; his brush has given us both
glimpses of noisy sea-coast and vistas
of quiet, restful countryside, and in
all he is equally sympathetic, direct
and eloquent. He finds special delight
in the soft grays and blue and some-
times of hazy weather, and some of the
best examples of his work are in the
storm and evening effects. The
average person, however, will doubt-
less find even greater interest in those
pictures full of sunlight and rich color.
The Last Hour of Toll (No. 12), a ma-
rine called The Setting Sun (No. 18),
Rain Clouds (No. 4), and Storm and
Windmill (No. 20), are four of the best
works displaying Mr. Chavignaud's
wide range of expression and felicity
of method. It is impossible, however,
to deal individually with the fifty-two
pictures shown. Mr. Chavignaud's
merits have been recognized by the On-
tario Government, which has this year
bought two of his pictures for the pro-
vincial collection of paintings. The
exhibition now open will continue till
the 18th inst., and forms for the mo-
ment the Mecca of artists and art con-
noisseurs in Toronto.

Milk Versus Water.

That milk is not equal to water as a
steam-producing agent was demon-
strated one morning recently on the
Erie and Central New York Railroad
by passenger train No. 2. A Syracuse
newspaper tells the story.

The train left Cincinnati at half-
past seven o'clock, and was due in Sy-
racuse an hour and a half later. It
stopped at the water-pump in Cincin-
nati for a supply of water.

The water is pumped from a creek



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leather which is very soft and
pliable and will not make any
noise even if worn on a hard-
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this NOISELESS SHOE.

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Sponges, the perfect bath sponge, \$1 to \$5 each.

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porters, 43 and 45 KING STREET WEST.

through a milk depot by the same
pump, it seems, that is used to force
milk into the large vats.

The fireman, a new employee, set the
pump going, and after taking aboard
what he deemed a sufficient quantity
of water, stopped the pump and the
train started.

The steam dropped rapidly, and such
a sputtering began about the gage
that the engineer became alarmed, and
at Freetown telegraphed to the train
despatcher at Syracuse that his engine
had gone wrong, and requested that an
extra be sent to haul his train to the
end of the run.

This was done, and the rejected en-
gine was sent to the yards for inspec-
tion. There it was discovered that the
boiler was filled with milk instead of
water. The fireman supposes that he
must have "connected up wrong" some-
how, and pumped milk instead of wa-
ter into the boiler.

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Combined Coil
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Fastener.



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duced for assist-
ing ladies to dress
their own hair.
We teach you how
to arrange it.
Ladies, now is the
time your hair
needs attention,
and PEMBER'S is
the best place.
You are assured
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dressing rooms if
you want your
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latest styles. We
are always up-to-
date. Special
treatment for hair
falling, Alopecia
and Eczema.

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For terms apply to—

F. A. CAMPBELL, 97 Bay Street.
Riding instructor to all the ladies' schools in
Toronto.

A PAINFUL MISTAKE FOR SATURDAY NIGHT BY DAVE JENKINS.

"TRUTH is stranger than fiction." Yes, undoubtedly, but more than that. Truth is stronger, more instructive, and hence more interesting than fiction. This is precisely what enhances the value of the present narrative, because it is the simple, artless, unadorned truth. And what happened to me may easily happen to others—if they are careless. Here is my sad, hazardous experience:

In the year 189- I was attending a theological college in the city of T—. One fine Wednesday afternoon a letter came to my address from a minister coming to a hamlet near Brantford, requesting me to take his duties next Sunday, he being obliged to visit his sick mother. I accepted the proposition with alacrity. My uncle who was living in Brantford had several times invited me to pay him a visit, but thus far I was unable to comply with his request. Now, I thought, business with pleasure may be profitably combined.

Taking the next morning's train, I arrived at my uncle's house just in time for dinner. Friday afternoon brought me a letter forwarded from the college—from another minister, which ran as follows:

"St. Batevicks, 189-
"My Dear Mr. Jenkins—I am laid up with the grippe, and am therefore unable to preach next Sunday. Could you come and take my work? If it is impossible for you to come, kindly send another student from the college. I shall pay \$6 and expenses. The one who comes is to stay at the parsonage.
"Yours faithfully,
"PETER PENGELLY, SR."

I showed this letter to uncle, who, with the impulses of a business man, at once enquired:

"How much do you get from the other place?"
"Three dollars and expenses."
"And have you any driving to do if you go to St. Batevicks?"
"None whatever. St. B. is a large town; Mr. Pengelly's church is a fine edifice, and boasts of a large congregation."

"I should certainly advise you to go to St. Batevicks yourself," said my uncle in a decided manner, "and you can easily telegraph to the college for another student who would be willing to go to the little hamlet. For," this with a twinkle in his eye, "although I am not a preacher myself, yet I should imagine most preachers to prefer a large church with a good-sized congregation, to a diminutive one and half empty at that."

My uncle's reasoning appealed to me very strongly, so I telegraphed to my chum, Tom Gleeson, to come to Brantford to-morrow (Saturday) afternoon.

Tom, like a good fellow, arrived next day at 5 p.m., and as we had an hour to spare, I took him up to uncle's for tea.

My train for St. B. left Brantford soon after 6 p.m., while Tom's train was due to leave a few minutes afterwards. Tom had brought with him a small brown valise—somehow similar to my own—and when we arrived at my uncle's house I placed his valise near my own, out in the hall.

Tom was a great chaffer, and since there were two attractive young ladies in the house, it proved a hard task to convince Tom that the train waits for no one. At last, when we did rush out in the hall to grab our valises, there remained only five minutes time in which to get to the station.

It was a bitterly cold day. We both hurried into the station, bought our respective tickets, and, bidding Tom a hasty "good-bye," I rushed for my train as it was pulling out.

"Harrisburg!" shouted the brakeman a few minutes after leaving Brantford. "Passengers for Hamilton, Toronto and St. Batevicks change cars!"

Jumping up and catching my valise, I made for the exit, but suddenly a strange feeling came over me when I realized that it was not my valise which I was holding, though it strongly resembled mine.

I at once informed the conductor that my valise had been stolen from the car. He said: "Are you sure you brought it into this car?"

"Quite sure."
"Where did you put it?"
"Down there," I said, pointing to the place.

"It beats the mischief," said the conductor, scratching his head disconsolately, "but whose valise is this brown one?"

"I don't know."
The conductor picked up the brown valise and exhibited it to the rest of the passengers, but no one knew whose it was.

"Maybe," began the conductor, with a sardonic smile, "you changed valises with someone, as it happened the other day with an old lady—"

"Great Scott!" I ejaculated, as the truth flashed on my mind, "if Tom Gleeson didn't take my valise and leave me his!"

Then I laughed—simply roared.

"Hamilton train ready!" shouted the brakeman.

Without adequate explanations, I grabbed Tom's valise from the amazed conductor's hand, and rushing out of the car, I hastily transferred myself to the train going east.

When my laughing spells subsided I endeavored to open the valise. It was not locked. The first thing that met my eye was a large Oxford Bible, which had on the fly-leaf: "Thomas Gleeson, College, T—, Canada."

Inside this Bible I found two skeleton sermon notes, which he apparently intended to use on Sunday, and while the headings and incomplete statements were quite intelligible to him, to me they were perfectly useless. So here I found myself on Saturday night, with-

out one line towards the two sermons I was supposed to preach to-morrow.

But Tom Gleeson was in a like predicament. Inside my Bible were two sermons written in shorthand, of which Tom knew absolutely nothing. From the looks of things, we would both be obliged to sit up all night and prepare new sermons the best way we knew how.

The ludicrousness of the situation appealed to me from time to time, and involuntarily I would break out in a boisterous laugh. This aroused the suspicions of my fellow-travelers, and caused them to honor me with occasional furtive glances. Indeed, one old lady, who sat right in front of me, picked up her things and walked briskly out of the car. One minute later the conductor walked in, and in an ill-concealed careless air scrutinized me pretty closely, as if I stood in dire need of an inspection.

Soon after alighting from the car at St. Batevicks a darkly-dressed man stepped up to me and said:

"Excuse me, sir; you come from Brantford this evening?"

"I do."
"You will pardon me," said the man, casting a strong look on the little valise in my hand, "if I must ask you to step into the station for a moment."

"What for?" I queried, suspiciously.

"Oh, nothing much, only I should like to have a look at this little valise more carefully than—"

"The little valise," I interrupted him, with manifest nervousness, "is really not my own, as—"

"You are my prisoner!" the man exclaimed, giving a short whistle. "Come with me."

I was dumbfounded with fright, and nearly fainted on the spot. But in another moment a second man was beside me, and before I could realize what had happened, the two men had me in a cutter, and I soon found myself at the police headquarters.

To make a long story short, I will just say that after a great deal of arguing and explaining, and after communicating with the Rev. Mr. Pengelly, I was finally bailed out very late that night.

Before leaving the police office I was shown the telegram which caused my arrest. It ran:

"Brantford, 189-
"Small brown valise containing \$150 stolen from here. Thief believed making for Buffalo. Look out trains."

For myself, I was quite ignorant of the contents of Tom's valise all the way from Brantford to St. Batevicks. But now things began to explain themselves. Tom must have received the money from home that very morning—to defray college expenses, board, etc.—and as he had little time to bank it, he took it with him. Discovering that the valise was gone, and never thinking of the possible exchange he at once gave the alarm, hence the result.

Though, as may easily be imagined, I felt pretty tired and sick at heart, yet I was unable to take the much-needed rest. By strenuous effort I managed to scribble off two lame sermons, and at 6:30 a.m. threw myself on the bed and slept soundly till 10 a.m.

Arriving in church at 11, two of the church officials met me at the door and explained that since various rumors were about about the town about my experience last night, it would be advisable for me to give a true explanation from the pulpit, and thus disarm any possible suspicion that might be lurking in some minds.

I acquiesced. And, before giving out my text, narrated the whole incident before the congregation. Then there was giggling galore. Wherever I looked I met smiling faces and laughing eyes. It was impossible to keep a straight face, and no sooner did I resolve to exhibit a sober countenance than some young lady would start a titter, which would grow contagious. The giggling would spread with wonderful rapidity, like waves over a lake, and I would break down. After several fruitless attempts at serious talking, I was compelled to close in an awkward and ignominious way.

Somehow I managed to live through that awful Sunday. Many times during that day I wished I were in Jericho—and Tom's valise at the bottom of the Dead Sea—but wishes are so often futile, and—well—

Monday morning dawned at last, and it may be conjectured that I did not miss the first train for T—, first having telegraphed to my uncle to meet Tom Gleeson at Brantford and straighten up matters.

At the Union Station I purchased the morning paper. Imagine my horror and consternation when my eyes beheld the flaring headlines:

DIVINITY STUDENT ARRESTED!
Dave Jenkins of — College Stole a Valise Worth \$150.

"Suffering Moses!" I exclaimed, in great indignation. "Why, it is enough to make Job curse his grandmother!" And then I made my way to the college by side streets and back alleys, being fearful of meeting someone I knew. As the first student caught sight of me he vociferated jubilantly: "Here is Dave, boys!"

In less than a minute there were two dozen fellows surging around me, each and all shouting and pulling me to pieces in their eagerness to know "the whole show." However, I managed to extricate myself from the noisy crowd and escaped to my room upstairs, where I flung myself on the bed and gave vent to my pent-up feelings—in the shape of hot, burning tears. (Is such conduct effeminate?)

A rap at the door brought me to my feet again, and after hastily wiping off my face with a damp towel, I said: "Come in!"

The college janitor entered, handed me a letter and departed. I tore the envelope with great impatience as I recognized the handwriting of my fiancée. It contained the following:

"My Darling Dave—You are still 'my own Dave,' though papa has absolutely forbidden me to see you any more. Papa declares our engagement broken because of the dreadful story in the paper, which I hate to believe. Please do not call the house, as mama has been instructed not to receive you. Write at once and explain to your broken-hearted Rosa."

"My poor, dear Rosa," I soliloquized, lugubriously, "what she must have suffered! And all—"

"Come in!"
"I am sorry to tell you, Dave," began John Cluxon in a timid way, "but the truth is that at a special meeting of the executive committee of the Literary and Theological Society, which was held this morning, it was decided to strike your name off the membership list, because—"

"Come in!"
"I regret to say," commenced Willie Bagby, in an undertone, "but as secretary of the Theta Upsilon Club, I am bound to tell you that you are no longer a member of the club. Here is your fee. And mind you—"

"Come in!"
My heart sank within me as I noticed the principal of the college enter my room. The rigidity of his features foretold an ominous communication.

He began: "Mr. Jenkins, after what has happened you will see the impossibility of your staying here any longer. Indeed, the college has already sustained a great blow through your conduct, and it remains for me to perform the painful duty of requesting you to leave the building during the day."

"Oh, doctor!" I gasped, scarcely able to stand on my feet, "how cruel it is to—"

"That is all very well," interrupted the principal, "still, what I have said is impossible to take back. The position of the college demands—"

"Tom Gleeson!" I screamed out in the most unnatural voice. "O Tom, whatever have I done to suffer so much?" Here I broke down completely.

Tom rose to the occasion. He flung open the door, and calling in a number of students, began:

"Dr. X— and fellow students: A great and grave injustice has been done to our brother, Dave Jenkins. Then he went on and explained the whole thing from beginning to end. He added, feelingly, 'I must personally apologize to Mr. Jenkins, for it was through my stupidity that all this trouble was brought about. If I only had sense enough to guess that we exchanged valises, instead of thinking that some foul trick was played on me, this sad, excruciating event would never have happened.'"

The principal at once came forward and shook hands with me; and, turning to the fellows in the room, he said: "My dear students: I feel that we all owe an apology to our brother here, who has certainly suffered a good deal from often involving a mortal. We have all misjudged our brother's character. I, therefore, suggest that three hearty cheers be given in his honor." And they were given—"Hip, hip, hooray!"

Then the fellows got a hold of me and carried me through the building on their shoulders, to the tune of "He Is a Jolly Good Fellow."

The Voyage of the "Ophir."
George Meredith contributes the following verses to the "Pall Mall Magazine" for May:

Men of our race, we send you one Round whom Victoria's holy name Is hallowed from the spoken sun Of her grand Summer's day aflame. The heart of your loved Motherland, To them she loves her own blood. This Flower of Ocean bears in hand, Assured of gift as good.

Forth for our Southern shores the fleet Which crowns a nation's wisdom steams, And stamp as fast Imperial dreams. Across the globe, from sea to sea, The long smoke-pennon trails above, Writes over sky how wise will be The Power that trusts to Love.

A love that springs from heart and brain In union gives for ripest fruit The concord Kings and States in vain Have sought, and vainly deem'd the lofty brute. And fondly deem'd they possessed, On force relied, and found it break: That true once scored on Britain's breast, Now keeps her mind awake.

Australian, Canadian, To tone old veins with streams of youth, Our trust be on the best in man that Henceforth, and we shall prove that truth. Prove to a world of brows down-bent, That in the light of dawned, Imperial means beneficent. And strength to service vowed.

Feet Out.
Cautious Habits.
When a person has to keep the feet out from under cover during the coldest nights in winter because of the heat and prickly sensation, it is time that coffee, which causes the trouble, be left off.

There is no end to the nervous conditions that coffee will produce. It shows in one way in one person and in another way in another. In this case the lady lived in Vermillion, S. Dakota. She says: "I have had to lie awake half the night with my feet and limbs out of the bed on the coldest nights, and feel afraid to sleep for fear of catching cold. I had been troubled for years with twitching and jerking of the lower limbs, and for most of the time I have been unable to go to church or to lectures because of that awful feeling that I must keep on the move."

"When it was brought to my attention that coffee caused so many nervous diseases, I concluded to drop coffee and take Postum Food Coffee to see if my trouble was caused by coffee drinking. I only drank one cup of coffee for breakfast, but that was enough to do the business for me. When I quit it my troubles disappeared in an almost miraculous way. Now I have no more of the jerking and twitching, and can sleep with any amount of bedding over me and sleep all night in sound, peaceful rest."



The Old Lady—I object to smoking! The Navy—Quite right, mum. It's a bad habit for ladies o' your time o' life.—"Pick-Me-Up."

Brain Food

Is of Little Benefit Unless It is Digested.

Nearly everyone will admit that as a nation we eat too much meat and too little of vegetables and the grains.

For business men, office men and clerks, and, in fact, everyone engaged in sedentary or indoor occupations, grains, milk and vegetables are much more healthful.

Only men engaged in a severe outdoor manual labor can live on a heavy meat diet and continue in health.

As a general rule, meat once a day is sufficient for all classes of men, women and children, and grains, fruit and vegetables should constitute the bulk of food eaten.

But many of the most nutritious foods are difficult of digestion, and it is of no use to advise brainworkers to eat largely of grains and vegetables where the digestion is too weak to assimilate them properly.

It is always best to get the best results from our food, that some simple and harmless digestive should be taken after meals to assist the re-axed digestive organs, and several years' experience has proven Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets to be a very safe, pleasant and effective digestive and a remedy which may be taken daily with the best results.

Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets can hardly be called a patent medicine, as they do not act on the bowels nor any particular organ, but only on the food eaten. They supply what weak stomachs lack, pepsin, diastase, and by stimulating the gastric glands increase the natural secretion of hydrochloric acid.

People who make a daily practice of taking one or two of Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets after each meal are sure to have perfect digestion, which means perfect health.

There is no danger of forming an injurious habit, as the tablets contain absolutely nothing but natural digestives; cocaine, morphine and similar drugs have no place in a stomach medicine, and Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets are certainly the best known and most popular of all stomach remedies.

Ask your druggist for a fifty-cent package of Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets and after a week's use note the improvement in health, appetite and nervous energy.

Lynchings Extraordinary.

At a recent dinner in London the conversation turned on the subject of lynchings in the United States. It was the general opinion that a rope was the chief end of man in America. Finally, the hostess turned to a United Stateser who had taken no part in the conversation, and said:

"You, sir, must have often seen these affairs."

"Yes," he replied, "we take a kind of municipal pride in seeing which city can show the greatest number of lynchings yearly."

"Oh, do tell us about a lynching you have seen yourself!" broke in half a dozen voices at once.

"The night before I sailed for England," said the Stateser, "I was giving a dinner to a party of intimate friends, when a colored waiter spilled a plate of soup over the gown of a lady at an adjoining table. The gown was utterly ruined, and the gentlemen of her party at once seized the waiter, tied a rope around his neck, and at a signal from the injured lady, swung him into the air."

"Horrible!" said the hostess with a shudder. "And did you actually see this yourself?"

"Well, no," said the Stateser, apologetically. "Just at that time I was downstairs killing the chef for putting mustard in the blanc mange."

Hotel Life in Caracas.

"This morning after our arrival at the hotel in Caracas," says W. E. Curtis, "I called for a glass of milk while dressing. On every subsequent morning during our stay a glass of milk was brought to me at precisely the same hour, without instructions; and although the servant was told several times that it was not wanted she did not appear to understand, and continued to bring it just the same."

"In the hotel were electric bells. The first day I rang for something, and a certain boy answered the summons. The next morning I rang again and again, and no one responded. Finally I went into the dining-room and found there half a dozen servants."

"Didn't you hear my bell ring?" I asked.

"Si, señor" (Yes, sir), was the reply.

"Then why didn't you answer it?"

"The boy that answers your exel-

Pan-American Exposition, Buffalo, N.Y.

Send a two-cent postage stamp to M. C. Dickson, district passenger agent Grand Trunk Railway System, Toronto, for handsome publication on Pan-American Exposition, maps of grounds and full information.

Fakes.

The Queen of Fakes. She made some cakes. Upon a winter's day: The Queen of Fakes. Received those cakes. And ate them right away.

Then occurred a curious thing— 'Twas strange they both were caught so— She made him think the cakes were good, He made her think he thought so.

The Animal Story Craze.

Civilization has decreed that there shall be a "close season" for wild animals and birds, that the sportsman shall keep his bloodthirstiness under at least for a certain number of weeks out of the year. It would be pleasant, remarks a reviewer, if some such prohibitive system could be arranged with a view to sparing poor humanity, at least for a little while every year, the sufferings now inflicted upon it by beasts of the literary fraternity. Mr. Kipling set a fashion with his Jungle Books that has since become an almost intolerable burden. But for one author who, like him or like Mr. Seton-Thompson, knows what he is talking about, having really studied animals at first hand, there are scores who would seem from their stories to have observed only those unhappy creatures of the forest who blink lazily at one through the bars of a menagerie. Fiction in which animals play the parts usually allotted to human beings now confronts us at every turn, in periodicals without number and in books also beyond counting. A good dog story, such as, for example, Mr. Ollivant's Bob, Son of Battle, is a boon. We would not exchange the Jungle Books, or Wild Animals I have Known, for half the tales about men and women that see the light in the course of a year. But the limit has been reached. If authors and editors are not careful they will find the animal story, like the dialect story, a source of grievous disappointment.

It Must Be

Very uncomfortable to know that one's smile reveals unsightly teeth. When from neglect or any cause the natural teeth have become so worthless that their usefulness cannot be restored, our skill repairs the disfigurement, makes the smile attractive and the expression natural, and reclaims the comfort and efficiency of the teeth by perfectly fitting and constructing the lightest, most durable and most wearable Artificial Plates.

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He crosses to France, and there finds a petite French maiden whose witchery nearly makes him forget his flag.

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Curious Bits of News.

The first ironclad, according to records recently discovered, was not the Merrimack, but a ship built early in the sixteenth century, when the Dutch were fighting for their independence with Spain. The burghers of Antwerp built this first ironclad, which was protected by heavy iron plates nailed to its sides. On the masts were roomy platforms for sharpshooters. With this terrible vessel the burghers hoped to break the blockade—hoped it so confidently that they called the ship *Finis Belli*, "the end of the war." But it proved unmanageable, and shortly after being launched ran aground on a sandbar, and was then called *Perdite*. Expense, which means "thrown-away money."

The newspaper "Italia" estimates the wealth of Pope Leo at two milliards of lire, and his personal income at 12,000,000 of lire a year. These figures are probably not very wide of the mark. The Pope's various jubilees have brought him gifts from the faithful all over the world of the estimated aggregated value of 150,000,000 of lire. Translated into dollars, these sums are, from an American standard, reduced to one-fifth. But taking into consideration the cost of living in the United States and Italy, the lire may be reckoned to be equal to three times its quoted exchange value. The Pope has from time to time invested his surplus income in United States Government bonds, and his present holding is estimated at 30,000,000 of lire.

In accounting for the saying, "It takes nine tailors to make a man," the "Lancet Monthly" says we must go back to a consideration of the universal custom of the ringing of church bells—a practice regarded as almost sacred in most minds as being one of the ceremonies attached to the Christian faith. Its origin, however, is a very superstitious one, and the ringing of bells was formerly practised from a belief in their efficacy to drive away evil spirits. The "tailors" in the above phrase is a corruption of the word "tellers," or strokes tolled at the end of a knell. Immediately on the death of a person a knell is tolled, the idea having originally been, as previously observed, to keep off hostile spirits from the departing one. In some places the departure of an adult was announced by nine strokes in succession; six were rung for a woman; three for a child. Hence, it came to be said by those listening for the announcement: "Nine tellers make a man."

Some amusing instances of translators' misunderstandings are mentioned by the London "Daily News." An Italian paper not long ago turned Mr. Rudyard Kipling's "Absent-Minded Beggar" into a "Distracted Mendicant." A footnote to the same version explained "son of a Lambeth publican" as a reference to Mr. Kruger! The translator who explains is often lost. Another Italian editor who translated a passage from an English paper about a man who had killed his wife with a poker added an ingenious footnote to say, "We do not know with certainty whether this thing, 'poker,' be a domestic or surgical instrument." In the French version of one of Scott's novels a Welsh rabbit has to be dealt with. The translator, never having met with that article of food, naturally turned it into "un lapin de Galles." Unfortunately, he had some doubt whether his countrymen would understand this, and added a lengthy footnote, describing how the peculiarly delicious flavor of the rabbits of Wales created a large demand for them in Scotland, whither they were exported in bulk that would compare with the trade of Ostend.

The explorations which are being carried on by the Indian Government in Central Asia are already producing remarkable results. The learned in such matters have known for a long time that there lie hidden under the sandy deserts of Chinese Turkistan remains of what were once flourishing communities in a high state of civilization which were founded by colonists

Night Luncheon

All Night If of the Right Kind of Food.

The difference brought about by the use of well-selected food, as compared with ordinary food, is well shown in the experience of a girl attending high school and boarding herself.

She says: "My 'housekeeping' commenced early rising, and I used to become very sleepy over my books. To keep awake, I resorted to the use of strong coffee, and in a short time I began to have a dull, stupid feeling. No appetite, but a feeling of 'goneness.' I realized that I must eat something or faint in the classroom. I would wash down a little breakfast with another cup of coffee.

"I began growing thin, pale and nervous, and made very unsatisfactory advancement in my studies.

"One day the good wife of one of our professors asked me if I felt well, as I appeared so weak and nervous. Between my sobs I managed to relate my woes. She saw where the trouble lay, and advised me to leave off tea and coffee and take up Postum Food Coffee and Grape-Nuts Food.

"I followed her advice, and found the Postum a delicious beverage, and the Grape-Nuts just what I wanted. So my breakfast consisted of a little fruit, a saucer of Grape-Nuts, and a cup of Postum, an ideal breakfast.

"If, at night, I felt the need of something to eat before retiring, I ate a little Grape-Nuts.

"My head grew clearer, my cheeks rosy, and I gained so rapidly in health that all my acquaintances remarked upon it."

There is a reason, for both Postum and Grape-Nuts contain the elements from Nature's storehouse that the body uses to rebuild the brain and nerve centers throughout. These wonderful food elements are presented in such a fascinating form that users stick to them year after year, and very greatly to their benefit. The name and address of this young lady can be given by the Postum Cereal Company (Limited), at Battle Creek, Mich.

from India, and it has been reasonably conjectured that the colonists contributed to their own destruction by improvidently denuding the country of its timber, with the result that the inevitable sand eventually overwhelmed and buried city after city. However that may be, these cities have been buried for eighteen or nineteen hundred years, and the sand is now found to have preserved in almost perfect condition a great quantity of artistic and historical treasures of all sorts. When it is recollected that nearly all the pages of early Indian history are utterly blank, the importance of the Turkestan explorations will be appreciated. Perhaps the most interesting discovery that has so far been made is the fact that these colonies formed a connecting link between the civilizations of Greece and China; in the same city there have been found clay seals that show unmistakable traces of Greek art and mythology, and side by side with them coins bearing inscriptions in both early Indian and Chinese characters.

Books and Their Makers.

THE book of the moment is Captain Dreyfus's book on his experiences on Devil's Island, entitled *Five Years of My Life*, which appeared simultaneously in France, Germany, England and America on May 1. James Mortimer, the translator of the work into English, contributes a most entertaining article about the book to the London "Daily Mail." He says: "While preparing the English translation of the work, I was much impressed by its absolute simplicity, and by the absence of any effort to produce what is called 'dramatic effect.' Five Years of My Life is intensely human from beginning to end, and every page of the terrible story bears the stamp of sincere and unexaggerated truth. Nor does Captain Dreyfus manifest a vindictive or revengeful spirit towards his pitiless persecutors. He often expresses the hope, it is true, that 'the guilty one,' the real author of the forged document upon which alone, ostensibly, he was condemned by the Paris court-martial, will be detected and punished; and he writes



CAPTAIN DREYFUS.

with natural indignation of General Mercier, Lieutenant-Colonel du Paty de Clam, Captain Henry, the man Deniel (the jailer who tortured him during his imprisonment on the Ile du Diable), and one or two others of his oppressors; but allusions to the mass of the persons responsible for his long martyrdom are couched in the language of either pity or contempt.

Captain Dreyfus recounts with simplicity and feeling all the steps in his first trial, degradation and removal from France. These are already well known to the average reader. The chief interest centers in his descriptions of his incarceration on Devil's Island and the subsequent events leading up to the re-trial which stirred all the world in the fall of 1899.

The hut for his occupation was built of stone, and measured about 13 feet square; the windows were barred; the door was a lattice-work of iron bars, opening on an entrance two yards square, which was attached to the front of the hut, and this was closed by a solid door of wood. In the entrance was stationed the warder on guard. These warders were relieved every two hours, with orders not to lose sight of the prisoner, day or night. By day, he was allowed to go about only on that part of the island comprised between the landing-place and the little valley where the lepers' camp had been, a space of about 250 yards, and utterly bare. He was absolutely forbidden to leave these limits, under penalty of being confined to his hut.

At the beginning of the diary the unhappy man frankly admits that he had decided to kill himself, after his iniquitous condemnation; but he tells the world that his wife, so devoted and courageous, had taught him, in this time of disaster, that he had no right to abandon her or voluntarily give up the struggle.

"I have yielded," he says, "to my wife's entreaties, and have the courage to live! I have undergone the most horrible ordeal that can be inflicted on a soldier—an ordeal worse than any death; then, step by step, I have traversed the hideous path which has brought me hither, passing through the Sainte Prison and the convict depot of the Ile de Re without flinching from the insults and cries of the mob, but leaving a fragment of my heart at every turn of the road."

In the month of September, 1896, Captain Dreyfus records in his diary that he was put in irons all night. The commandant of the islands subsequently informed him that the measure which had been taken was not a punishment, but "a measure of precaution," for the prison administration had no complaint to make against him. This barbarous cruelty was continued for a considerable period, and is generally believed to have originated in instructions from M. Andre Lebon, the French Colonial Minister of the period, who, it will doubtless be remembered, was generally denounced by the European press for his harshness towards the miserable man.

At last, after years of unspeakable sufferings, a glimmer of light broke in upon the wretched man. He received, on November 16, 1898, a telegram from the governor informing him that the Criminal Chamber of the Court of Cassation had admitted his appeal for a

revision of the sentence, and had ordered that he should be requested to produce his means of defence. After this a little more liberty was accorded to him during the period occupied by the new investigation in Paris; and, finally, six months afterwards, he received notice that the sentence of the Paris court-martial had been quashed, and that he was to be immediately sent back to France, to be re-tried before a court-martial at Rennes. The facts concerning the second court-martial are still fresh in the public memory, but the details of Captain Dreyfus's return, and his own description of the events immediately preceding the second court-martial, as written by himself, are by no means, says Mr. Mortimer, the least interesting portions of the book. What the effect of the book will be in France, where opinion concerning the famous "Affaire" is still hopelessly divergent, it is difficult to conjecture.

Pro Patria, Max Pemberton's new novel, published by the Copp, Clark Company (Limited), is the story of an attempted French invasion of England. Of course it is only a dream—but it is such a real dream; and it haunts one. The story is one of varied interest,



MAX PEMBERTON.

containing as it does sufficient manoeuvring to feed the military mind, enough of engineering to satisfy the scientist, while the remaining third is of Cupid's own weaving—to which, we may safely say, no novel reader will object. Some brain of France conceived a scheme to invade England by an under-sea tunnel. France—like all the other lesser powers, compelled to the conclusion that its strength could never overthrow the Lion, lord of the forest—was forced to strategy as a last resort. How the prelude was played, and the field made ready for the promised chorus of war, let Captain Alfred Hilliard tell—Alfred Hilliard, the heroic young Britisher and officer of Hussars. He tells it in vigorous English, and in many a fashion, speaking of his own part but lightly, and no more than absolutely necessary; yet you have but to listen to his wonderful tale, to hear between the words the great heroism of his conduct, which refuses to be hid. When trying to do his country's duty, he meets a charming daughter of France, and complications immediately arise, making you tremble for the safety of England, which Captain Hilliard holds in his blue-veined hand. You forget for one perilous moment that Alfred Hilliard is a gentleman and a soldier. But he is; and you follow his story with a feverish interest, until you hear how he evolves from the seeming character of spy and traitor and ends as he began—a patriot, covered with glory and rewarded with worth-while love.

Readers of the best fiction are acquainted with the epigrammatic quality and humor of Ellen Thorneycroft Fowler. Her quaint stories, *The Faringdons*, concerning Isabel Carnaby, etc., have won her a unique reputation, and assure a hearty reception for her new book, *Sirius*, which W. J. Gage & Co. will issue next week. It is a gallery in vivid miniature of various phases of life in English society, a field where she has won her laurels.

The Early Trading Companies of New France, a contribution to the history of commerce and discovery in North America, by H. P. Biggar, B. Litt. (Oxon.), is a work the result of many years' labor among the manuscript collections of Europe that contain records of the earliest voyages to America. It was originally submitted as a thesis for the author's research degree in the University of Oxford. Subsequently it was revised and enlarged, and is now a complete history of early French colonizing effort in America based upon an examination of all the available material, manuscript and otherwise. In both France and Spain the author has discovered much that is new. He devotes special attention to the French voyages to the new world of the sixteenth century. The fur trade and the fisheries are discussed very fully, as is also the history of the earliest French settlements in North America. Only 60 copies of this work have been printed, of which not more than 50 are for sale. Orders may be sent to the Librarian, University of Toronto, Toronto, Canada.

The success of the so far anonymous Englishwoman's Love Letters is rapidly bearing fruit. John Lane, the English publisher, announces a novel, *The Aristocrats*, by "the most beautiful woman in London." This is a mystery it would be rash to try to solve, remarks "Literature." Another secret is guarded as to which Fisher Unwin announces that he is not allowed to know anything of his author "save that he is a famous man of letters!" Where is this new method of stimulating the sales of anonymous books likely to end?

Appropos, the "Ladies' Field" asserts that the authoress of An Englishwoman's Love Letters is a lady well known in society, who has written several charming novels, two original plays, and an adaptation of a French play, which have all seen the footlights. The authoress writes under a manly pseudonym. This description seems to point directly to Mrs. Craigie (John Oliver Hobbes).

There is a new literary distemper abroad. That is to say, when you wish

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to name a book it is, at the moment, absolutely necessary that you should get the word "eternal" into your title. For months past—if not for a good year or more—it has been understood that Hall Caine was engaged upon a powerful work of fiction which he had a mind to call *The Eternal City*. That work of fiction is now appearing in serial form. And, of course, the inevitable has begun to happen. A novel called *The Eternal Quest* has just seen the light. A novel called *The Eternal Choice* has also just seen the light. And, to fill one's eternal cup to overflowing, a philosophic essay called *The Eternal Conflict* has likewise just seen the light. The eternal author and the eternal publisher should please take notice, remarks the London "Outlook," that the eternal book-selling trade will get into a fearful muddle if this kind of thing continues. Beside which, is it quite fair to the eternal Hall Caine?

According to the "British Australasian," Louis De Rougemont appeared the other day at the Tivoli Theater, Sydney, and related the story of his marvelous adventures in Northern Australia. A picture of himself astride on the famous turtle brought down the house. He explained, "If all ze rest be fiction zat is true, and to prove it to you I vill get a turtle and give you an exhibition in ze harbor."

Henryk Sienkiewicz is now engaged on another historical romance, the subject of which is John III. Sobieski, the valiant and intrepid general who won the great battle against the Turks, and was made King of Poland.

Of the Life Romantic, Richard Le Gallienne's "new book," the liberal-hearted London "Daily News" says "it is an agreeable mess of oil, mustard, vinegar, melted butter, pepper and currant jelly."

The Trusts and Guarantee Company (Limited), 14 King street west, Toronto, have been appointed administrators of the estate of the late Thomas Stanton, who died recently at Ottawa. The estate consists principally of moneys in the bank.

His Hair Stood on End.

"Up to five years ago," said a prospector to a St. Louis reporter, "I didn't believe in such a thing as a man's hair standing on end," and then the old gentleman told the story of the fright that led him to change his mind: "I was in the mountains of Idaho with a friend, and we ran short of fresh meat, so one day I took my gun and started off alone. I went into a ravine and was making my way along a little brook, when I came suddenly upon a queer sight. Not four feet in front of me, in the full blaze of the sun, lay four mountain lions, asleep. 'For half a minute I thought them dead, but as I stood staring at them with my heart in my mouth, every one of them sprang up with a growl. And they faced round at me, looking ugly, sniffing the air with their whiskers drawn back, showing the white line of their teeth, switching their tails and looking like demons.

"As for me, I stood rooted to the spot. I couldn't move, from sheer fright. A queer, numb sensation began in my ankles and crept up my body, and I literally felt my hair rise.

"I stood there motionless for several minutes; then one of the beasts dropped his tail and whined. The others followed his example. My presence mystified them. A few seconds later they turned about and crept away down the ravine, looking back stealthily two or three times to see me.

"When they were out of sight I began to breathe again. I didn't care to hunt any more that day, and made for the camp at top speed. That was the time my hair stood on end, and my scalp was sore to the touch for a week afterward."

Inverted Fables.

IN THE LAND OF THE OUGHT TO BE.
"Now," said the Big Buck Deer to his eldest born, "I will show you a sight that you never saw before, and I am so proud of that I feel like walking around on my hind legs all the rest of my life."

"Why?" said the fawn, "it is a man, as I live!"
"Yes," said the fawn's proud parent, dragging out the carcass from behind a tree, "and now, like a little good deer, run and get me my sharpest knife, while I skin him and prepare his head as a dining-room ornament. And shall I tell you how your papa did such a

brave deed? Then listen, my son. This morning, in company with my faithful bloodhounds, I tracked the man through the forest, drove him into the lake, having first ascertained that he was unarmed, and then, as he was swimming about almost exhausted, I put forth in my canoe and shot him at leisure in a nice vital spot where it wouldn't show."

Moral—"But, papa," said the fawn, "the man had no chance at all against your skill and science. I don't see anything brave or to be proud of."

"But you will," said the Big Buck Deer, "when you get to be as big as I am."—N. Y. "Life."

"What do you think of the dessert, dear?" said the young wife. "I made it out of Mrs. Shouter's cook-book." "Oh, that accounts for it. I suppose it's the leather binding that makes it so tough."—Philadelphia "Press."

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EDMUND R. SHEPPARD - Editor

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The Drama

MR. SHEA presented a good bill this week, of which the star attraction was Homer, Lind and Company's presentation of the one-act, operatic comedy, Gringoire the Street Singer. The act is somewhat above the plane of the usual musical comedies, which generally contain very little comedy and no music. Mr. Lind has a very pleasing voice, and sings with a great deal of feeling and dramatic fervor. His support was excellent throughout. Mr. Everett King's acting in the character of Louis XI. of France was excellent. The Harmony Four proved to be entertainers of the first order, and their singing and other musical features were simply all right. Gertrude Swiggert and Clark Edward had a good turn in which Miss Swiggert introduced her imitation of Sis Hopkins. Some of the lines were very clever, but any one that can get fun out of seeing a man apparently devour live gold fish should go and take the gold cure at once.

The re-engagement of the Princess Chic at the Grand the latter half of this week came on too late for a notice in this column. The piece has had two runs in Toronto



MARGUERITA SYLVA.

already, but is quite as popular as ever. Miss Marguerita Sylva in the title role is as charming as before.

After a week's relaxation in the form of a comedy, the Valentines have taken up melodrama with renewed vigor. Wicked London is the title of the piece, and it is a drama written on the old stereotype lines. The avicious father favors the suit of the villain, and the daughter refuses to marry him because she loves another. The other, of course, is a poor but honest clerk in her father's employ, striving to pay off his late dad's debts. The girl's father finds out their love and discharges the poor but honest young man. The daughter—raised amidst luxury and wealth—declares she will marry no other, and goes to share a poor man's humble home. The villain pursues them through three acts and several odd scenes, gets hissed by the audience, and winds up in the hands of the police; while the young man, his fair name cleared, rejoins his wife, long since thought lost. They live happily right up to the last curtain call. The play was well received and played to good business. Osborne Searle as Hiram P. Walker—not from Walkerville—did some clever acting, and came in for a good share of the applause. The play, as usual, was well cast and artistically staged, and the large audiences who attended went away well pleased.

Robert B. Mantell played a second week's stand at the Toronto to good business in his old play, A Secret Warrent.

Mr. E. S. Willard's engagement at the Grand next week promises to be the most notable event theatrical of the season. The repertoire of plays will include dramatic offerings of the highest class, and Mr. Willard's support will be the strongest company that he has ever brought to this continent. Mr. Willard will present David Garrick, Tom Pinch, and The Middleman, during the first week of his engagement, and seats for the performance are said to be already scarce. In his portrayal of the character of David Garrick, Mr. Willard is said to be able to pass from gay to grave with the accomplished ease of his great predecessor.

The modern artist's remarkable power of sudden transition from rollicking French farce to the heights of tragic intensity reminds one of the following anecdote of David Garrick: On a visit to his friend, Lord Hedgescombe, at Twickenham, he happened to be having tea, and intently occupied spreading some butter on a slice of bread at the very moment when the Duc de Guines, French Ambassador to London, was announced. As the latter seemed to scrutinize him with some little disappointment, the actor exclaimed, "Ah, Garrick with his bread and butter is rather a disappointment for your excellence?" "No, indeed," replied the Duke, "I was only comparing him in my mind to the Garrick of Hogarth as Richard III., dagger in hand." At



MISS CATHERINE PROCTOR IN "L'AIGLON."

this Garrick rose up. A sudden flash of terrible anger spread over his features and transfigured him. His brow was knit, the eyes were aflame, the hair bristled, the lips quivered; his ordinarily short stature seemed to have become heroic in dimensions. Hogarth's Richard III. stood there in the life—such was the power of Garrick in striking "twelve at once."

The handsome costumes in which Mr. Willard and the other members of his company are to appear have been prepared by Hayward of Bond street, London, and Herman of New York, and the whole performance is said to be a most perfect picture of life in the eighteenth century. Mr. Willard's present season is proving the most successful he has ever played in this country, and David Garrick is fast becoming the most popular play in his repertoire, it being generally conceded that it has had no such interpreter since its original performance by E. A. Sothern (the father of the present Sothern) thirty-four years ago.

Shipman Brothers, well known former Torontonians, are rapidly coming to the fore as theatrical managers. A handsomely illustrated card from New York announces that they are now managing no fewer than four companies: Walker Whiteside in Richard III., Pudd'nhead Wilson, Prisoner of Zenda, and the Lyceum Company. The success of the Shipmans is another proof of the winning powers of pluck and stick-to-itiveness when intelligently directed.

Varied are the opinions of Sir Henry Irving's production of Coriolanus at the London Lyceum. The critic of the "Illustrated London News" thinks that records of the revival "will probably note the occasion as one of grand spectacular display, not one of great acting. It is difficult to see why Sir Henry Irving should have selected a Shakespearean tragedy such as this, which, though it lends itself well to scenic magnificence, affords leading parts so entirely unsuited to either his own or Miss Ellen Terry's personality. The pictorial efforts of the production are, of course, uniformly beautiful, though it is questionable whether Sir L. Alma-Tadema's designs do not ascribe too superb an aspect to early Roman costume and architecture. Still, Mr. Hawes Craven, in landscape settings illustrative of the Roman and Volscian camps, and Mr. Harker, in illustrations of the Forum and the Capitol, have carried out the artist's ideas very strikingly; and the stage-management has achieved in the grouping of the plebeian crowd, in the receptions of Coriolanus, and especially in the meeting of the senators, all pure white and scarlet, some dazzling coups d'oeil. But by way of compensation, the famous Lyceum actor-manager has been compelled to resort to wholesale compression of the text, and, in the meantime, as already remarked, the all-important characters of Coriolanus and Volumnia are wholly antipathetic to their respective interpreters. Henry Irving has not the youth or the vital force, the robust manner, or the fiercely individualistic temper, needed for the role of Coriolanus; and his best moments were those in which personal distinction and quiet pathos must be displayed, notably in the death-speech and the reception of Volumnia's embassy. Miss Terry, again, has not the physique or the disposition of a Roman matron; she cannot emphasize either the iron nerve of the stern mother in the earlier scenes, or her vital collapse consequent upon Coriolanus's banishment; and the most charming feature of her rendering is the petulant grace with which the actress urges Volumnia's final appeal. In fact, the main attraction of the Lyceum Coriolanus must certainly be described as scenic."

Scrutator in "Truth" has this to say: "Coriolanus is an unsympathetic, tempestuous soldier, and Shakespeare, whether from laziness or because seized with a fit of being historically correct, did not elect to take such liberties with his subject as might have resulted in a fine play. The idea of a great aristocrat setting himself against the people, and being misunderstood and banished by those for whom he has fought and bled is a fine theme, but the aristocrat need be a great man, whereas Coriolanus was merely a hot-headed fighter, and the people should be something more than uniformly curs. On the whole, sorry curs though they are made—Junius Brutus, the Tribune, neatly played by Mr. Laurence Irving, is among the worst—I am inclined to side with them, and think that Coriolanus would not have been the best of all possible Consuls. But if the people are contemptible, are the patricians much better? Arrogant and impossible though he was, Coriolanus had done the State some service, yet they stood by and allowed him to be banished. In the spirit of the sneak who says 'Please, sir, it wasn't me, it was the other boy,' they raise no hand to save him, and when the justly incensed victim comes back with his old enemies the Volscians to wreak vengeance, they abuse the mob for the crisis which has arisen through their own pusillanimity! Sir Henry Irving, when I was present, whether from nervousness or over-strain, was at times barely audible, but his performance was thoughtful and full of character, if somewhat lacking in physical power. He brought out with great intensity all the bitter resentment of the man who liked birth and blood and nothing else, who thought his faults were virtues, whose vicious scorn of compromise stood in the way of his serving his countrymen, and made him such a sore trial to his friend Menenius Agrippa. The fine scene where the banished Coriolanus turns his back on Rome, saying, 'There is a world elsewhere,' of course gave him one of his greatest opportunities. I could not help regretting, though, that in reducing the play so much had been sacrificed which accentuates the soldierly aspect of the man."

Shortly after Maude Adams' L'Aiglon company closes, Miss Catherine (Louise) Proctor will return to her home in Toronto for the summer. Miss Proctor has been very successful this season as Theresa de Loget, one of the leading characters in L'Aiglon. Miss Proctor, who was a

pupil of Mr. Shaw, has the requisites of a good actress: voice, appearance, and talent. Being devoted to her work, she is sure to succeed.

The Washington, D.C., "Times" of Sunday, April 28, had the following to say about that popular young Toronto actor, Mr. Herbert Fortier: "One of the most artistic bits of work displayed in The Carpetbagger, at the Columbia Theater, was furnished by Mr. Herbert Fortier, whose Bob Willets was carefully drawn and intelligently executed. It was Mr. Fortier's first appearance in similar parts, technically termed 'juveniles,' his previous efforts having been confined to 'juveniles' and roles of the regulation leading order. But in The Carpetbagger he drew on his exceptionally ample resources in handling the part in the Pixley-Read play, and at times he even surpassed Mr. Murphy in some of the scenes they had together. Mr. Fortier has been seen locally in seasons past with Mr. Gillette in most of his later successes, Julia Arthur, and as leading man with the late Roland Reed. This year, prior to the closing of her tour, he received a good deal of praise for his excellent work as Rawdon in Gertrude Coghlan's production of Vanity Fair, and in some of the cities in which Mrs. Fiske and the Coghlan version of the story were both seen, Mr. Fortier did not suffer at all by the comparison of his work with that of the brilliant Maurice Barrymore. Some critics discovered in Mr. Fortier's conception a deeper study of the swaggering Rawdon, a finer, more subtle sketching of the man. Mr. Fortier will continue as leading man with Mr. Murphy during the remainder of the present supplementary season, and will have the principal part in Paul Wiltach's new play, A Capitol Comedy. At the close of the season Mr. Fortier will spend the summer at his home in Toronto, Canada."

Primed with a new monologue, Digby Bell will come to Shea's Theater next week as the leading feature of a splendid list of vaudeville attractions. Mr. Bell made a name for himself in comic opera. About a year ago he entered the vaudeville ranks, where he has won success and a place with the top-liners. His new monologue, entitled The Information Bureau, is said to be a masterpiece. As a special attraction, Mr. Shea has booked Patrice, who will present The Girl in the Moon. Patrice will be remembered in connection with the New Year's Dream, one of the most artistic and picturesque sketches ever presented at Shea's Theater. Her new offering is said to excel all her former efforts. The next act on the bill is probably the greatest novelty ever brought to this country. Fatma and Smaun are Indian pigmies, were born on the banks of the Burmese River, in British India, and are brother and sister. Smaun, the young man, is eighteen years old, under twenty inches in height, and weighs thirteen pounds. The girl, Fatma, is twenty years old, under twenty-four inches in height, and weighs fifteen pounds. The parents of these wonders are of normal size, and a brother, who is between the ages of the two, is also of ordinary size. These small people are highly intelligent, and converse in several languages besides their own. Smaun does an act on the Roman rings, and is assisted by Fatma. They also do some clever dancing. Gracie Emmett and Company will be seen in the screamingly funny farce, Mrs. Murphy's Second Husband; Newell, Chiniquilla and Dinnifrid in a musical act. What makes their performance the more interesting is the fact that Miss Chiniquilla and Mr. Dinnifrid are full-blooded Cheyenne Indians, graduates of the Carlisle Indian school, Little Elsie Janis, "the pocket edition of Cissie Loftus," Johnson and Dean, a colored team, and Newell and Shevette, comedy acrobats, will complete the bill. LANCE.

Silhouettes in Low Life.

FRANK BY YEIGH.

III.—In Mother Earth.

An Algoma Forest.
Silent, vast, lonesome.
Cathedral aisles, leaf-carpeted;
Cathedral domes, leaf-arched.
God is voiced in the Silence—
God and a grave.
A lonely grave.
The Finis of a settler's story—
An unsuccessful settler.
Carried from his Clearing to the crypt in the woods.
The clearing is deserted.
The log house is empty.
Hath the grave the victory?
It grasps the clay of the Settler—but
God holds the Soul of the Settler.

IV.—A White Slave.

A White Slave.
Her name?
No matter—only her fellow villagers knew her.
Dead?
Yes. Even slaves die—none too soon I think they think.
She crowded a score of years into a score of months.
Work, dry drudgery, cruel toil that paled eye and cheek
and lip and hand; shrinking the frail body, murdering the spirit, killing the Woman in her.
A farmer's wife.
Oh, the pitiful, tired look in her lustreless eyes!
Oh, the spiritless droop of the hand!
Oh, the sinking, sinking of the cheek!
Drudgery chains on feet and body and hands and head.
Yet, uncomplaining, uncomplaining, unselfish—a trinity
of virtues rare and God-like—
She gave her life for others.

Mr. Dooley.

Many people have wondered what had become of "Mr. Dooley." He has been in Europe recuperating after the severe illness which threatened to deprive "Mr. Hinnissy" permanently of his guide, philosopher and friend. Mr. Dooley has been to see the Pope, and a London despatch



FINLAY P. DUNNE ("MR. DOOLEY.")

says that he has expressed himself as being exceedingly edified by his visit. "He's just beautiful," says Mr. Dooley. Since Father Tom saw the Pope, there has been no interviewer whose report of his audience would be better received by the English-speaking world than Mr. Dooley's. He must have seen much else in Europe that would bear description, and people are looking forward with pleasure to a renewed flow of the inimitable Dooley humor.

Notes From the Capital.

MRS. R. L. BORDEN'S reception at the Russell last week proved so satisfactory that the popular proprietor of the hotel, Mr. St. Jacques, was blessed with the happy idea of giving his guests a ball there this week. A committee of gentlemen was chosen, and the arrangements of the ball, as far as invitations, lady patronesses, and that sort of thing are concerned, were left in the hands of this committee. These gentlemen, most of whom are distinguished Members of Parliament, although very busy men, have given much of their valuable time to the details, and one feels safe in saying that it will be one of the best balls ever given in Ottawa. It takes place this Thursday evening. The large dining-room has been cleared for dancing, and the entire drawing-room floor will be thrown open to the guests. There will be something like five hundred guests in attendance. The ladies who will act as patronesses, and by whom the guests will be received, are: Mrs. William Paterson, wife of the Minister of Customs; Mrs. Andrew Macdonald, whose husband is a Senator from Charlottetown, and was at one time Governor of the Island; Mrs. Henry Cargill, Mrs. A. T. Wood of Hamilton, Mrs. W. B. Northrup, Mrs. F. B. Wade, Mrs. E. C. Whitney, and Mrs. G. W. Ganong. The men on the committee are: Mr. N. K. Boyd, Mr. W. B. Calvert, Mr. A. E. Dymont, Mr. A. E. Lefurgey, Mr. H. J. Logan, Mr. W. B. Northrup, Colonel Thompson, and Mr. M. E. Nichols, secretary.

News comes from England that handsome Miss Muriel Dobell is to be married in the month of June to Captain Hull, an officer in one of the smart regiments, to whom she became engaged during the winter. Mrs. Dobell and her daughter have had a house in London, and have been stopping there for the past few months. For Mrs. Dobell's health was not sufficiently robust to allow of her coming back to Canada. It is probable that the marriage will take place in London. Mr. Dobell will, no doubt, rather appreciate having an excuse for a trip across, and a change of air after the hot weeks in the House of Commons, for the popular Minister without portfolio has been having troubles of his own, both inside and outside of the House, over the Plains of Abraham affair. Mr. Dobell, or, I should say, Hon. R. R. Dobell, for he prefers the prefix, is perhaps the favorite Minister with the numerous ladies' societies which abound in the Capital. He is asked more than any other Minister to attend annual meetings, or to make addresses at special inaugural ceremonies. And the Hon. R. R. Dobell never refuses, but is always there, smiling and kindly, and seemingly much interested in the noble aims and excellent work of these societies.

At the last Art Talk of the Woman's Art Association, which took place last Friday afternoon, Hon. R. R. Dobell was one of the three men present. One of the others was Mr. Gerald Hayward, the artist, who gave the "talk," and the "other" was Captain Harry Graham, A.D.C., who came with the Countess of Minto. Mr. Hayward is a painter of miniatures, an Englishman who has lived in New York some years, and who evidently finds that city a better field for his work than was London, for he brought with him to Ottawa a number of fine miniatures done of fashionable and handsome women of Gotham. He has a pretty picture of Mrs. Cleveland, done when she was the lady of the White House, and he shows another said to be Queen Alexandra in the early seventies. No doubt it is said truly, but one looks in vain for a trace of Queen Alexandra as we know her picture to-day. Mr. Gerald Hayward was well received in Ottawa, and has not been idling here. Orders came to him thick and fast, and among those he had on exhibition at this art talk were several miniatures of prominent Ottawa people. Mr. and Mrs. W. C. Edwards have both been painted on ivory. Mrs. Edwards is a particularly sweet-looking and pretty woman, and the artist has made a pleasing picture. The "talk" was, of course, on the art of miniature painting, and was fairly interesting. But the only really good "talk" the Woman's Art Association has had this season was a delightful one given a few weeks ago by Professor Prince on "Color in the Animal Kingdom." Professor Prince is quite at home in the animal kingdom, for he is one of Canada's greatest and most learned naturalists, and has, moreover, a good voice and a good address. Unfortunately this was the only one of the talks not graced by the presence of Vice-royalty, for at that time the Countess of Minto was spending a few days in New York.

The twice postponed concert of the Ottawa Orchestral Society came off on Wednesday evening in the Grand Opera House, which is now, alas! our one and only theater. The orchestra had extra time for practice and was in good form; the conductor, Mr. E. C. Price, was given many well-deserved compliments. Madame Dorothy Harvey of New York was the vocal soloist of the evening, and Master Ralph Kellert of Montreal, a real little wonder of a violinist, played a couple of violin solos. The Countess of Minto was in the Vice-regal box.

Mrs. George Desbarats and her children, who have been the guests of the Hon. R. W. and Mrs. Scott for the past two weeks, left on Monday morning for Three Rivers, where Mr. Desbarats is engineer of the improvement works on the St. Lawrence. Mrs. Desbarats and her children have been living in Ottawa for the past winter, but their home will be for some time at Three Rivers.

Miss Georgina Pope, who was superintendent of nurses with the first contingent to South Africa, has been for the past month the guest of her friend, Mrs. Jack Carling, at London, Ont. Miss Pope is expected in Ottawa next week, and from here she will go down to her old home in Prince Edward Island.

Mrs. Thomas Ahearn of Buena Vista was the hostess at one of the nicest teas of last week. There were two tea-tables, one decorated with pink roses and lilies of the valley, and the other done with yellow flowers and yellow ribbons. It was a lovely afternoon and many of the guests found their way out to the pretty garden, where a striped red and white marquee was erected. Lady Laurier, Mrs. Blair, Mrs. R. L. Borden, Mrs. G. E. Foster, Mr. and Mrs. Warren Soper, the Speaker and Mme. Brodeur, Miss Doute and Mrs. Laurence Power were among Mrs. Ahearn's guests.

The Ladies' Golf Club has taken up play with renewed vigor, even though the Friday afternoon teas are "off" for this season. The ladies found these teas rather a nuisance. Often a large one was prepared with a good deal of trouble and at some expense, and then the weather looked doubtful and nobody came. Tea can always be had at the clubhouse, so the ladies find it more convenient and quite as pleasant to ask one or two friends to come out to have tea with them "specially." Whether it is the long drive, bicycle ride or walk, or the ozone, which hovers over the Chelsea links, the tea and toast one gets at the clubhouse have a particularly delicious flavor, and by both the members and their friends these small teas are preferred to the large ones.

Miss Isabel Greenshields, who was Lady Laurier's guest, went back to her home in Montreal toward the middle of last week. Just at present Sir Wilfrid and Lady Laurier have no guests stopping with them, which is a rare occurrence.

Mr. Henry White, one of the secretaries of the United States Legation at London, was for several days the guest of the Earl and Countess of Minto at Government House. He was in the Speaker's box in the House of Commons on Monday afternoon, in company with the Countess of Minto, and Lady Eva Dugdale, who was stopping at the Russell for a few days. Lady Eva is a lady-in-waiting to H. R. H. the Duchess of Cornwall and York, and is now on her way home from travels in China and Japan. Her husband, Mr. Frank Dugdale, caught cold coming across in the C.P.R., and spent most of his time in Ottawa, ill in bed at the Russell. Owing to Mr. Dugdale's illness he and Lady Eva did not accept the invitation of Lord and Lady Minto to stop at Government House, although Lady Eva dined there several nights. AMARYLLIS.

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Bargain Day in Girls

A Sketch of Eccentricity on the Farm.

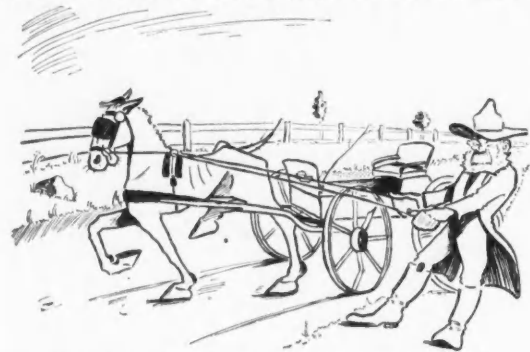


On one occasion, when my sister and I were visiting in Toronto, my cousin, at whose home we were staying, was taken violently ill—cause, an unfortunate combination of ice cream, watermelon and moon-gazing. She did not rally as rapidly as her medical attendant wished, so he advised a trip to the country. It was finally decided that the three of us should spend a fortnight with an old uncle and aunt living about ninety miles to the north.

My sister and cousin had never been to Uncle Johnson's, or Yankee Jack's, as he was familiarly called, but I, being a particular favorite of the old gentleman's, had visited them frequently and had always received a hearty welcome. Auntie was tall, slight and straight, with snow-white hair and a profile so clear-cut and delicately fine it reminded you of some exquisite cameo. A woman of seventy, her trust in the goodness and generosity of the human race was something sublime. No one was so utterly depraved as she could not find some kindly excuse to at least partially cover her deficiencies. The veriest rogue was ashamed to take advantage of her. Dear old lady, it is some years now since they gently folded her hands and laid her down for her long, last sleep, but the memory of her large loving-kindness will never fade from the hearts of a whole generation of nieces and nephews, who carried to her all their griefs, trials, failures and short-comings, and never came away unimproved.

Uncle was entirely different. In appearance he was rough, almost uncouth looking. He enjoyed nothing so much as a keen contest of wits in a bargain or horse trade. He considered it a sign of weakness, almost idiocy, knowingly to allow anyone the slightest advantage in a business deal. In all else he was generous. He had a perfect abhorrence of style, but was known throughout the country for his fine horses.

The morning after our arrival, he asked Maude and Lou if they would like a drive to the village, and of course they were delighted. It amused the girls greatly when he coolly informed me I was not to go, and after he had left



"HE ASKED ME TO COME AND SEE HIS TURNOUT."

the room they laughingly told me I had been prime favorite before because they had not appeared on the scene, but I might now consider myself supplanted.

I left them combing, curling, and donning their frills and furbelows, and went to the kitchen to see how Uncle was progressing. The sight that met my eyes would have permanently cured any man of the blues or liver complaint.

The eccentric old man had dressed himself for the occasion—boots and trousers, those used for doing chores; an old lustrous coat, so time-worn and weather-beaten no one but the scare-crow in the orchard could have owned it; but, of the genus known to schoolboys as "cow-bite," and looking as if it might have made its debut in Canada at the same time as the U. E. Loyalists.

Winking slyly, he asked me to come and see his new turnout. The horse had doubtless been a good one in his day, but that was many moons ago. He was blind, and in the locality where most of the equine species usually wear a fine hirsute appendage, a funny little bare stump jerked spasmodically. His gait was an 8.40 string-halt. The most prominent thing about the harness was the amount of rope required to hold it together. The old buggy had been standing unused so long it had become the favorite roost for the more ambitious hens. The wheels were in fair condition, but the body "had seen better days." The seat was all right, but there wasn't any bottom where the bottom ought to be, so you had to let your feet dangle gracefully through. A switch cut from one of the trees completed the outfit.

The girls descended dressed for conquest, and they certainly were very fair specimens of the sweet, wholesome, Canadian summer girl.

"Come on, girls! Climb in!" cried Uncle. With a bewildered look and a quick gasp to catch her rapidly retreating breath, Maude scrambled in, Lou following, and away they went through the old lane gate, down the road to the village. Was it wonderful that immediately upon their entrance into that rural hamlet they became the cynosure of all eyes?

Stopping at the grocery, Uncle called the young proprietor out and introduced him, saying: "I heard you were looking for a wife. Tom, and as I have three pretty nieces staying with me I thought one of them might suit. They are all likely girls, and would make good wives, though a little uncertain in the temper. Which do you prefer, fair or dark?"

Tom confusedly murmured some indistinct nothings, and during the general confusion Uncle, with a funny little pucker about his eyes, drove on to the post-office.

The young clerk's best girl was away for a holiday, so Uncle assured him either of his nieces would be most happy to fill the aching void caused by her absence.

So on, to every shop in the village. There was no use being angry and indignant. The only thing to be done was to make the most of a ridiculous situation and laugh it off. This the girls did so heartily they arrived home in a state bordering on hysterics, and for some minutes I was in grave danger for not having warned them of the old gentleman's propensity for practical jokes.

Dear old Auntie was horrified at the recital of their woes, and murmured plaintively, "How could he do it?" The tables were nicely turned on the old man, however, when his verandah was invaded every evening during the remainder of our stay by the young men from the village. When he would pretend to be gruff and order them off they would tell him they had not quite decided which young lady each preferred. But the climax was reached when he carried his complaints to Auntie, expecting her usual sympathy, and was gently asked, "Who advertised bargains in girls, pa?"

M. E. GREEN.

A pessimist has been described as one who, when he has the choice of evils, takes them both.

The "budget speech" in the New Brunswick Legislature disclosed the interesting estimate that the average cost of capturing a bull moose, taking into account, of course, the money the hunter expends while he is in the province, is five hundred dollars. Bull moose "come high"—but sportsmen willingly stand a-tiptoe to hang pocketbooks on their antlers.

The Author of The Octopus.

ACCOMPANYING is a portrait of Frank Norris, who is perhaps the most promising of the numerous band of rising American authors. His novel, *The Octopus*, is one of the most remarkable books that has been published in recent years. It may be predicted that this great story will create a sensation all over the continent. It is a piece of work in which the reader sees at once the marks of masterful power. The "Octopus" is the Pacific and South-Western Railway, and the struggle that is depicted in the book is that between this gigantic trust and the wheat growers of California. Incidentally we are given descriptions of the enormous ranches on which, in California, the wheat is grown. We are also introduced to various typical characters drawn from the author's actual experience of life in California.

Norris thus describes a California girl:

"Her neck was thick and sloped to her shoulders with



FRANK NORRIS.

full beautiful curves, and under her chin and under her ears her flesh was smooth as floss satin, shading exquisitely to a faint delicate brown at her nape, at the roots of her hair. Her throat rounded to meet her chin and cheek, with a soft swell of the skin tinted pale amber in the shades, but blending by barely perceptible gradations to the sweet warm flush of her cheek. The color on her temples was just touched with a certain blueness where the flesh was thin over the fine veining underneath. Her eyes were light brown and so wide open that on the slightest provocation the full disk of the pupil was disclosed. The lids—just a fraction of a shade darker than the hue of her face—were edged with lashes that were almost black. Her mouth was rather large, the lips shut tight, and nothing could have been more graceful, more charming, than the outline of these full lips of hers, and her round white chin modulating downward, with a certain delicious roundness, to her neck, her throat and the sweet feminine amplitude of her breast. Her hair seemed to have a life all its own, almost Medusa-like, thick, glossy and moist, lying in heavy sweet-smelling masses over her forehead, over her small ears, with their pink lobes, and far down upon her nape; deep in between the coils and braids it was of a bitumen brownness, but in the sunlight it vibrated with a sheen like tarnished gold. Like most large girls, her movements were not rapid, and this indefinite deliberateness of gesture, this slow grace, this certain ease of attitude, was a charm that was all her own. But Hilma's greatest charm of all was her simplicity—a simplicity that was not only in the calm regularity of her face, with its statuesque evenness of contour, its broad surface of cheek and forehead, and the mass of her straight and smooth hair, but was apparent as well in the long line of her carriage from her feet to her waist, and the single deep swell from her waist to her shoulder. Almost unconsciously she dressed in harmony with this note of simplicity, and on this occasion wore a skirt of plain dark blue calico and a white shirt waist crisp from the laundry."

But the book is one that deals with the elemental passions of humanity, with love and hate, with desire and greed. Some of the descriptions of men and happenings are immensely powerful, while the story element is admirably kept up. Zolaesque in the detailed vigor of its descriptions, the book does not descend to Zola's coarseness. While it is a frank and vigorous description of various phases of human life, throughout it all there throbs a great purpose. Large as the book is—for it occupies no fewer than 650 pages—every page of it will be read. It shows the conflict of the people against the trusts, of toil against greed, of humanity against the strangling and selfish power of a tyrannical

railroad. Frank Norris, the author, is already known as the author of *Moran*, of the *Lady Letty*, of *McTeague*, of *Blix*, and of *A Man's Woman*. But the present work is far beyond anything he has yet done; and there is no doubt that it will mark him as occupying a place in the first rank of modern fiction writers.

Mexico's Grand Old Man.

REPORTS of the ill health of President Diaz of Mexico are drawing the attention of the world to the situation in that republic. It is recognized that the reign of Porfirio Diaz—for reign it has been—is rapidly nearing its end. The people of Mexico and the legion of foreigners who have labored with him for the modernizing of Mexico are startled at the situation which confronts them. They now realize that "the builder of modern Mexico" is no idle phrase as applied to this President. He has, indeed, been architect and builder both. If the work were finished, all would be well, but only a splendid beginning has been made. A fine foundation upon which rest imposing walls of little value as a habitation without a roof over all. The ruler who succeeds President Diaz must complete this edifice begun by him, that the commerce, industry and social organizations of Mexico may be finally and fully protected for all future time from unstable political elements. Hence Mexico is now in introspective mood.

Officially, President Diaz is seventy years of age. In truth he is probably nearer seventy-six. He is undoubtedly the greatest man Spanish America has produced. He has changed Mexico from a scene of continuous revolution into one of the most orderly countries in the world. When he dies, will the good order last?

Two possible successors are mentioned. General Bernardo Reyes is at the head of the army, and twelve years ago General Diaz pointed to Reyes as his successor. Jose Yves Limantour, the Minister of Finance, is the only one yet disputing this claim. Limantour is a cold intellectual. Of French extraction, he has little real sympathy with the Indian race of Mexico. He is Continental in all his tendencies. Reyes is a passionate, poetic soldier. Hot-headed and impulsive, Limantour commands respect and



PRESIDENT DIAZ.

admiration for his talents and courtesy. Reyes commands love and incites his followers to frenzy. The army adores him. It is possible Diaz will voluntarily retire, placing one of these men in the chair. But if so, he will only nominally relinquish power. Either in his own name or that of another he will be the real ruler of Mexico till he dies.

Scotland Forever!

THE acknowledged pre-eminence of Scotland in literature, art, science, morals, thirst, and dialect is readily understood when we learn that the Garden of Eden was situated between Galashiels and Kirkcudbright," writes Mr. Joseph Smith in a contemporary. "For a long time perfidious Albion distorted history, and claimed that the famous snake and lady resort was in Berks and Hants; but the recent revelations of Nineveh award the palm to the land of Barrie and Maclaren, for the documents show that Adam fed his bears on haggis and his ichneumons on kale."

"The balmy climate of Caledonia lends itself to intellectual effort, and enables a modest man to wear golf stockings and ballet skirts simultaneously. The language of the land is soft, musical, and mellifluous, adapted to song and music, to theology and badinage; it is weird enough to exhaust the resources of a type foundry, and

Discarded.



Fashion (to "Mr. Bridge")—Come along, partner! That dear old Mister Whist is such a bore! He is so vieux jeu! —London "Punch."

robust enough to extract teeth painlessly. The religion of Scotland is bland but stimulating; it induces perspiration in winter and chills in summer; and its ethical results are observable in the genial bonhomie and reckless generosity of its inhabitants.

"The diet of Scotland is the envy of the earth; to that the Scot owes his intellectual superiority. Oatmeal creates grey matter and scratches; kale brose stimulates thought; haggis makes philosophy and dialect handmaids of literature; and Scotch whiskey and herring add strength to the breath and imagination of the literary giants of Old Gaul."

"Carlyle owed his jocund humor and explosive persiflage to oatmeal; Hogg drew his divine afflatus from herring and haggis; and the popularity of the merry Hootmon dialect is based on kale and the glossaries. It is idle to say that the Lowland literary school is waning, for so long as the gentle spirit of the pirate, the poacher and the peddler animates humanity, so long will men turn in anguish to Scotch literature to probe its mystery and make bets on its meaning. Browning acquired his mysticism while sojourning with a maiden aunt in Killiecrankie. The great Bacon cryptogram lacked a Scotch habitat to make it popular; and Shakespeare can never be solved until some genius evolves a herring and oatmeal cryptogram. Bacon is too Chicago."

"The humor of Scotland is its most enduring triumph. To the mere outlander Scotch humor appears to need sarsaparilla; but the man to the manor born knows that it needs long years of education and training to understand; but once its subtlety is grasped a flood of light breaks upon the brain, and the world takes on a new aspect. Scotch humor is serious, thoughtful, philosophic, and not a thing to be laughed at; it is not for all to grasp its elusive elusiveness; the scratch of the Scotch head or leg and the rich coloring of the nose reveal its subtle essence to the initiated; and sometimes a can opener is found useful."

"The world shudders at the shadow of the Yellow Peril. Why should it? The philosopher who has watched the ravages of golf knows whence the next conqueror is coming. In that day Caledonia, stern and wild, will be the real thing; and the haughty Scotch-Irish must go off the map to the spot in chaos whence they came."

Golf.

THE opening of the Spadina Golf Club will be held this afternoon at 3 o'clock, when the new courses will be thrown open for the first time. The honorary president, Mr. A. W. Austen, the vice-presidents, Mr. Wm. Ince and Mr. C. H. Stanley Clarke, and the secretary, Mr. A. H. Walker, together with the executive of the club, will receive the members at the clubhouse, corner of St. Clair and Spadina avenues.

The club has a first-class course of 18 holes for the sterner sex, and a 9 hole one for the ladies. It has a large membership, and the turnout this afternoon will be exceptionally good. Mr. G. S. Lyon, champion of Canada, who is an honorary member of the club, is to play over the new course to-day for the first time.

Last Saturday being medal day at the different city clubs, the links were well attended and some excellent scores were made.

The Rosedale Club has secured a strong playing acquisition in the person of Mr. F. C. Thompson of the High Park club. Mr. Thompson will be a tower of strength to the Rosedales. He has played considerably in the Old Land over the historic links at St. Andrew's and other well-known courses.

The amateur championship of Great Britain is being played off this week at St. Andrew's. The ladies' championship meeting is scheduled for May 13th and following days at Aberdovey, in Wales, and a strong field has entered. The St. George grand challenge cup will be played for at Sandwich on the 30th of this month. The open championship will be held at Muirfield on June 5th and 6th. Vardon and Taylor are spoken of particularly for this event. An open tournament will be held at Islay on June 12th and following days, at which a great field will tee off. The first purse, £100, will prove very tempting to the pros. Mr. Harold Hilton has entered for this event. The Irish championship (open) will be held at Dollymount (Dublin), September 2nd and following days.

Jack White has challenged J. H. Taylor to play 72 holes for £50 a side, each player to name a course, 30 holes to be played at each. Taylor has accepted the challenge, and the match will come off shortly.

United States golfers are beginning to speculate as to a possible winner in the open event at Myopia. The pros, in the vicinity of the links and who have access to the course, are the most favorably thought of. Among these are Alec Campbell, Bernard Nicholls, Alex. Findlay, Donald Ross, and Jones, the club pro. The professional record for the course is 78, made by Taylor last fall. R. C. Watson, jr., holds the amateur record with 87.

That the interest in golf is growing and that the game is becoming more popular every day, is evident. The Midlothian Country Club is some four miles from Rock Island station, and a tedious bus ride had to be endured to the club-house. Hereafter the journey will be both quick and comfortable, as a train service has been installed. "The Midlothian Limited," a line built and owned by a company made up of members of the club, will now carry the players to and from the club-house to the station.

The Maryland Bicycle Club of Baltimore, an organization that has been in existence for twenty years, has almost ceased cycling, and golf has become the principal sport. A new club-house was completed last year at a cost of \$70,000.

A new Paris golf club has been organized and incorporated under the name of the Nouvelle Societe de Golf de Paris. It will have a course of 150 acres.

The intercollegiate tournament is being held at Atlantic City, May 8th to 11th. The competitors are Yale, Harvard, Columbia, and Pennsylvania.

Alex. Findlay is making a tour of a number of United States cities, lecturing on golf, and is meeting with success. Biograph views are introduced, and Vardon and Findlay are seen life-size, playing the different strokes. This is probably the first time that the biograph has been used for golf purposes.

Allan R. Shaw, in "Golf," gives some interesting sketches of Golfing Morals and Immorals. Here is one of them. A match was being played by a dean (his volume of sermons is now in the ninth edition) and a humble layman. Every hole had been keenly contested, and the score stood: Layman, 1 up, 3 to go. Driving to the sixteenth, the dean fozzled, and the ball fell into a twenty feet deep sand bunker. The clergyman descended into the pit, carrying nothing more musical than a very business-like niblick. The layman walked on, chuckling modestly at the reflection that when the dean finished with the lower regions he, the chuckler, would be in the comfortable position of *donnie 2*. Presently from the recesses of the pit came a muffled roar of "fore!" and the ball shot into the air and dropped dead. Amazement and admiration contended in the heart of the layman, the dean won the hole, and they walked to the next tee. Justice, however, would not condone the wrong, and, with a degree of swiftness that does not always characterize her movements, hailed the reverend gentleman to her bar. It happened that an enthusiastic admirer of the dean, an unlightened gentile so far as the game is concerned, witnessed the deed, and in innocent effusiveness of heart came forward and congratulated the performer. "That was a capital throw, sir; a capital throw indeed." The remembrance of the next half hour is painful in the extreme, but to shorten the story, the dean sold his clubs at a low price, sought and obtained the forgiveness of his opponent, and went out to the mission field as Bishop of Fozzleoo. We are told in a two-volume memoir that his flock loved him right up to the last bone. This story, in its moral, reminds one of the conduct of a Canadian divine whose score card has to be altered very often by his club mates, and whose reports of matches in which he has figured are of the well-known long bow order.

HAZARD.

TRANSPORTATION—RAIL AND WATER.

NORTH GERMAN LLOYD

New York, Cherbourg, Southampton.

Kaiserin Maria Theresia, Tues. May 14, 10 a.m.
 Kaiserin Maria Theresia, Tues. May 21, 10 a.m.
 Kaiserin Maria Theresia, Tues. May 28, 10 a.m.
 Kaiserin Maria Theresia, Tues. June 4, 10 a.m.
 Kaiserin Maria Theresia, Tues. June 11, 10 a.m.
 Kaiserin Maria Theresia, Tues. June 18, 10 a.m.
 Kaiserin Maria Theresia, Tues. June 25, 10 a.m.

New York, Bremen.

Neckar, Thurs. May 23, 10 a.m.
 Barbarossa, Thurs. May 30, 10 a.m.
 Koenig Luise, Thurs. June 6, 10 a.m.

MEDITERRANEAN NAPLES, GENOA

Hohenzollern, Sat. May 18, 11 a.m.
 Aller, Sat. June 1, 11 a.m.
 Werra, Sat. June 8, 11 a.m.
 Trave, Sat. June 15, 11 a.m.
 Hohenzollern, Sat. June 22, 11 a.m.

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 St. Paul, May 22 (St. Louis), June 26
 St. Louis, June 5 (St. Paul), July 10

RED STAR LINE

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you get the best.

Anecdotal.

A Scottish minister was once asked

how long he would require to prepare

a speech. "That depends," said he,

"upon how much time I am to occupy

in its delivery. If I am to speak for

a quarter of an hour, I should like a

week to prepare; if I am to speak for

half an hour, three days will do; if I

am to go on as long as I like, I am

ready now."

Thackeray, anxious to enter Parlia-

ment, stood for Oxford, thinking he

might win the seat from Lord Monck,

who then represented it. Meeting his

opponent in the street one day, he

shook hands with him, had a little talk

over the situation, and took leave of

him with the quotation: "May the best

man win." "I hope not," said Lord

Monck, very cordially, with a kind little

bow.

A gentleman, meeting an old Irish

friend, the unhappy possessor of a fear-

ful black eye, and with his arm in a

sling, asked him the cause of his mis-

fortune. "Well," says Pat, "it was at

my sister's wedding, 't'other day; there

was a chap there dressed up with bot-

tled coat and white waistcoat; and

says I, 'And who are you when you are

at home?' 'I am the best man,' says

he. 'Oh,' says I, 'we will see about

that,' and begorra he was."

A timid old lady was on board a

steamer in the Gulf of Florida. She

worried one of the sailors to such an

extent with questions as to the vessel's

safety that he at last resorted to strat-

egy to silence her. "I'm awfully ner-

vous on the water," she remarked that

afternoon, for the fiftieth time. "Are

you quite sure, my man, that people

are never drowned in this bay?" "In-

deed I am, mum," was the reply. "The

sharks never let anybody drown here-

abouts."

Coleridge's verbosity is illustrated by

himself in a letter among the "Black-

wood" correspondence. While in the

company of his friend and faithful

host, Dr. Gilman, he had a fainting fit.

His first words on recovering from it

were: "What a mystery we are! What

a problem is presented in the strange

contrast between the imperishability of

our thoughts and the perishable, fugac-

ious nature of our consciousness." Then

he heard his friend say: "Thank

heaven, it is not apples!"

They were discussing in one of the

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and Announcements according to the

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best quality—including Invitations, An-

nouncements, Cards and Cake Boxes.

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committee rooms at Washington the

railway postal cars, which cost three

thousand dollars each to build and two

thousand dollars a year to maintain.

"The situation," said one of the Con-

gressmen, "reminds me of the story of

the pompous but somewhat insignifi-

cant lawyer who, in conversation with

a judge, remarked: 'It costs me six

thousand dollars a year to live.' The

judge looked him over critically, leaned

back in his chair and said: 'Bill, if I

were you I wouldn't pay it! It ain't

worth it!'"

Stories of Mark Twain's London ex-

periences are leaking out. Some weeks

back he went to consult a well-known

West End dentist, noted for keeping

his patients waiting a long time, and

for indifference to the age of the magi-

zines and papers left on his waiting

room table to beguile their tedious. Mr.

Clements was kept waiting for a solid

hour, and when his turn came his pa-

tience had given out. But he contented

himself, as he entered the consulting

room, with the caustic remark: "I see

by your papers that there is prospect

of war with the Transvaal!"

The late Bishop Stubbs of Oxford,

for all his learning, was a keen humor-

ist. On one occasion, while officiating

at the restoration of a Buckingham-

shire church, he was seen to hesitate

before descending the altar steps. A

clergyman who was assisting told the

Bishop after the service that he was

on the point of coming forward to help

him, as he thought perhaps his hesita-

tion was due to failing eyesight. "Not

that at all, not that at all, thank you,"

replied the Bishop, "merely a matter

of sex, you know. Though I have been

a bishop twenty years, I have not yet

learned to manage my skirts properly."

Maurice Barrymore, the well-known

actor, who recently became hopelessly

insane, once appeared as Orlando in

a performance of As You Like It for a

charity benefit on the grounds of a so-

ciety woman's summer home near Ho-

boken. As the sky looked threaten-

ing his hostess proposed that the per-

formance be postponed. "No, madam,"

said Barrymore, "it will not rain to-

day; God will not permit a charity

like this to be ruined by rain." It

rained, however, and everybody was

drenched. After the performance, when

Orlando was shaking the water from

his cloak, he exclaimed, plaintively:

"And it is thus that infidels are cre-

ated!"

Of the many good stories of the late

Irish Nationalist member of Parlia-

ment, Dr. Tanner, is one dating from

last session. Someone spoke of the

Speaker being like a schoolmaster and

the members of the House like school-

boys. To which Dr. Tanner retorted:

"Faith, if he is going to apply the mace

where other schoolmasters apply the

birch, it's me who would like to wear

some blue-books as stuffing." Of blue-

books he once said that each member

when elected ought to make a con-

tract with some grocer who needed

paper to wrap up his wares. "But the

reasonable practices in the blue-books

would turn any Irish butter which had

the ill-luck to be wrapped in them."

Andrew Carnegie is not lacking in

humor, for he tells this story at his

own expense: Leaving for Scotland

later than usual one spring, he met old

Captain Jones, superintendent of one

of the Edgar Thomson plants, and

began to express his sympathy that the

latter should have to stay there in the

hot weather with his many thousands

of workmen. "I'm very sorry you

can't all go away, too," he declared.

"Captain, you don't know the complete

relief I get when outside of Sandy

Hook I begin to breast the salt

breezes." "And, oh Lord!" replied the

quick-witted captain, "think of the relief

we all get."

Dr. W. H. Drummond, the "habitant"

poet, is not a native Canadian, but was

born in Leitrim, Ireland, and came to

this country when ten years of age. He

is an expert angler, his fondness for

the rod and line dating back to child-

hood days. One fine morning while

still a small boy in Ireland, he got an

eel on his line while fishing in the burn

that passed his father's door; a young

officer helped him to get the formidable

creature off. It was the first one he

had ever seen. An old gentleman in

Wellington boots who was fly-fishing

in a neighboring pool for trout, attracted

by the disturbance, joined them. He asked

the boy if he would like to learn the

casting of a fly, and with his own rod

he gave Dr. Drummond his first lesson

in fly-fishing. He has never since for-

gotten the art to which he was thus

introduced by Lord Palmerston.

An Amusing Book.

A Canadian Impression. Patriotic and

Profane.

HAVE you read the Visits of

Elizabeth? We have heard

for some weeks of the inter-

est it aroused in England,

where the frankness of

"I'm a terrible," whose letters to

her mother form the book, struck home

in good style. Elizabeth is a model,

well-trained girl, and the most admir-

able of her many good traits is her

confidence in her mother, a gentle-

woman of the old school, whose code

of manners differs so much from that

in use at the various houses visited by

her seventeen-year-old daughter. She

tells her mother when men try to kiss

her, and how smartly her good right

hand returns the salute. Elizabeth is

eminently well able to take care of her

own personal dignity, which is, after

all, the one great point. When senti-

ment comes to her it is tempered by a

calculation which repels. One knows

that Elizabeth won't scale many

heights, but will walk safely and surely

at a fair altitude. The various coun-

try houses at which her relatives wel-

come her to dullness, noise, intrigue or

congenial refinement are true to the

life. One never resents the desperation

of the victims of an English country

house routine, but Elizabeth made one

weird situation when an amorous

Irish lord, husband of a lady whom

Elizabeth takes for his mother, tells

her to "drop her gloves outside her

door," and Elizabeth appeals to the

company to know what he means!

A clever friend sends me the follow-

ing impression of the Exposition at

Buffalo, and a pretty episode of open-

ing day: The buildings are things of

beauty, both in color and design. They

suggest something Moorish (strange, is

it not? Didn't the Moors once conquer

Spain?). There is, an Oriental look

about them, and the numerous domes

remind one of Russia. Moors, Orient-

als and Russians—a queer trio, but so

it struck me. The coloring throughout,

even most of the highly decorative

parts, shows an absence of bright,

vivid shades; so much so, that the

sight of a rich scarlet or deep brown

becomes almost a relief. Pale yellows,

beams, grays and blues predominate.

The exteriors of the principal buildings

are complete, except for some finishing

touches. Many are half finished, many

have barely the frames up, and a very

few on the Midway are in running or-

der. The interiors of all buildings are

a chaos of hammering and sawing,

erection of booths, laying of floors, put-

ting up of machinery. The exhibits are

mostly wet paint signs, piles of lum-

ber, kegs of nails, prostrate machinery

and opened and unopened boxes. Here

and there a booth is finished and fur-

Britain's Commercial Future.

"Truth."

IN the international commercial competition of the modern world we have been for fifty years in the position of the horse or the runner that "gets away" first in a race. Our start was due to a number of causes; partly to our having been the first to make use of machinery and railways, and to develop our mineral resources; partly to our superior social and political conditions as compared with Europe before 1848 and 1870, or with undeveloped and thinly-peopled America; most of all to our adoption of free trade, which permitted of an enormous increase of population, and unrestricted importation of raw material. From these causes we gained such a start in commercial and industrial development that it looked to many as if we could for ever keep ahead of all competitors. Vain delusion! In a long race of this kind strength and staying power must tell in the end; and the strength and staying power of nations consist ultimately in the number and spirit of their population and the natural resources of their soil. Our coal and iron deposits, which have been one of our main sources of wealth, have been worked to their maximum capacity, and show the first signs of falling. Our population is no longer rapidly increasing, and has probably nearly reached its maximum. Germany, with its greater population, neither in industry nor intelligence inferior to our own, and with its natural resources in an earlier stage of development, is consequently to-day close upon our heels. America, with three times our population, and immeasurably greater territory, a great part of it still undeveloped, has caught and passed us. Whether Germany will much longer continue her recent rate of progression, largely forced by artificial stimulants, is open to doubt. But that a comparatively insignificant country like Great Britain can permanently keep up a volume of foreign trade equal to that of the whole of the United States, with their ever-increasing population, is preposterous to think of. As well might we hope to measure our trade against that of the whole of the nations of Europe combined. The true test of our present prosperity and of our hope of maintaining it in the future, is, not the aggregate bulk of our exports and imports, as compared with those of one or another foreign country, but the measure of individual wealth among our citizens, and its tendency to increase or diminish. Are we, man for man, poorer than five, ten, or twenty years hence? Is there any good ground for thinking that we shall be, man for man, poorer five, ten or twenty years hence? I believe the answer to both questions is "No." If that is so, it is folly to cry out that we are threatened with national ruin because nations far superior to us in numbers and natural resources can show in the course of a year a larger aggregate output of wealth.

A Queen's Primitive Tastes.

HAT a compliment Victor Emmanuel III. has paid to Queen Helena! Her head—not his—is to figure by his wish on the forthcoming issue of Italian postage stamps. This is the first time any queen consort has been so honored. The King has a wide, long and somewhat under-hung chin, which is not pleasing. It may be a case of atavistic reversion, as it is a good deal the chin of the Emperor Maximilian I. and Charles V. If they are very far-back ancestors, he is very often descended from them through the House of Savoy and the Royal House of Saxony. "The Queen of Italy seems to suit the King exactly," says a writer in London "Truth." "She is a happy mean between the Oriental and the European woman. The Oriental woman is a child of nature, very instructive and a good creature. On returning to West Europe from the East, women of all classes seem so unpleasantly and harshly self-assertive. The fashions do not strike the eye as adding to their charms. Queen Helena has the blackest and softest of Oriental eyes, as you may have observed when at the Diamond Jubilee she drove through London beside the Empress Frederick. She is unaffected and has restful manners that make those about her feel at ease. But, unlike Oriental ladies, she is as active as she can be, and she has had the two-fold advantage of being educated at a high school at St. Petersburg, and brought up in all the liberty that women and girls enjoy in Montenegro. In the former Christian States of the Turks they practice a virtue that is too much neglected by their brethren of the Western world.

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This, I suppose, was originally due to hatred of the polygamous Turk. Nowhere in these States is there such intense respect for the young girl and for one's neighbor's wife as in Montenegro. But the women—the man being constantly under arms—do all the manual labor. They draw water, carry packs on their heads across the mountain, dig, delve, reap, weave, knit, sew, and can turn their hands to anything. Militarism in France had pretty much the same effect. The numerous daughters of Prince Nicholas of the Black Mountain were brought up when at home "without any nonsense," and kept as busy as bees. I do not suppose they washed the family linen like Nausicaa, but it would not surprise me to hear that they did. They all grew up fine, handsome and attractive, and have a taste for their own company. They do not crave for publicity or to shine in crowds. The Queen of Italy is happiest in an insular paradise the King bought for her when Prince of Naples—the Isle of Monte Cristo. She used to lead there, with her husband, a primitive life. Their abode at Monte Cristo is the villa or casino built by Mr. Taylor, an Englishman, when he purchased the island. It was sold by him to the Marquis de Ginori, a Florentine, who was often there the host of the King of Italy when he was Prince of Naples. After his marriage the Princess used sometimes to long for the Black Mountain. The Prince thought that Monte Cristo would be a good substitute, and induced the owner to sell it to him. I cruised round it three or four winters ago. It looks a rough place from the sea, but I should say abounds in glorious points of view. The blues on blues of landscape and sea, of sky, of water, of distant Italian, Corsican and Sardinian mainlands ought to be entrancing. When the Prince and Princess went there they took only a few necessary menial servants with them and a secretary. Their wish was, as much as possible, to live a Robinson Crusoe life. Her Montenegrin habits well fitted her for this. Their island domain contains only fourteen people, but is alive with game, feathered and hairy. The wild goat is to be found on the high cliffs, the sea is alive with red mullet and other Mediterranean fish. The Prince and Princess of Naples worked like humble country folks in training their vines and improving their garden. They caught their own fish and shot their own game. She is as good a shot as a Boer. Since they came to the throne they have had as good a time at Capodimonte as the shock attendant on King Humbert's tragical death would admit of. In their capital they do not live in the Quirinal Palace, but in a palazzino in the garden. The palace will be kept for grand functions. As the King is making civil list economies for the first time, he thinks it his duty to set the example of sacrifice. Plain living he likes, and so does the Queen.



Ups and Downs of the Browns

Brown has a cozy office on the twenty-second floor of a modern office building. With convenient stairs, electric lights and mail-chutes. And everything first-rate. And an elevator starts. Who is strictly up to date. Now Mrs. Brown came in one day. A smile upon her face. Took elevator No. 6. And launched forth into space. "The safe to say she'd hardly gone beyond the second floor. When Mr. Brown came sailing down serene in No. 4. "Hoy, Mr. Brown," the starter cried. "Your wife went up this minute." "A car was just about to start." And Mr. Brown jumped in it. "You'd better wait till she comes back!" The starter tried to shout. But up went Brown—a car came down. And Mrs. Brown stepped out! The starter shook with hidden mirth. He didn't dare display. "Your husband, mum, went back," he said. "But crossed you on the way. Just take a chair and rest a while. He'll surely come right down." She wouldn't listen; up she went—While down came Mr. Brown. He went back up—his wife came down. And headed for the door. While Brown ransacked in wild despair. The twenty-second floor. As out into the street she passed. With proud, uplifted chin. "I hope they'll meet in heaven," said the starter, with a grin. —O. N. Burke, in the "Smart Set."

The Army of the Undesired.

Reformers are for ever crying that a woman's duty is the home and husband, the kitchen and nursery—and back from the wilderness comes the old cry of the feminine majority who have neither husband nor children—"What would you have us do?" There is the vast pitiful Army of the Undesired—the thousands whom no man has loved; there are thousands more who have had their share of lovers, but preferred to spend their lives waiting for the "right man"—the man who somehow misses the way, and never comes. Why should not these

lonely women play their games and ride their bicycles—aye, and write their empty lives out in stories if they will? 'Tis surely poor enough fare to feed one's heart on—a sorry portion for what should have been a whole glad lifetime. —Correspondent of the London "Outlook."

A Farmer's Trials.

A Sufferer for Years, the Result of a Fall.

In His Weakened Condition La Grippe Fastened Itself Upon Him, and Brought Him Near the Grave.

Mr. William Silver is a well-known farmer, living near Hemford, N.S. During his life he has passed through much sickness, but now, thanks to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, he is again enjoying vigorous health. To a reporter who recently interviewed him, Mr. Silver said: "I am now in my 62nd year, and I may date the beginning of my trouble to my sixteenth year, when I was thrown from a horse's back and had my spine somewhat injured. This was always a weak spot, and it seemed to leave me more susceptible to other troubles, as it grew worse as I advanced in years. As a farmer I always had to work hard, and often to expose myself to inclement weather. My back trouble was finally aggravated by indigestion, and as this affected my appetite, I was very much run down. Finally, a few years ago I was attacked with la grippe, which developed into pneumonia. My family doctor succeeded in conquering this trouble, but for six months I was not able to leave the house, and all that he could do for me did not bring back my strength. Finally, I consulted another doctor, but with no better result. In fact, before I stopped doctoring I had tried four different physicians, and all the time instead of getting better I was growing weaker. Some eighteen months had now elapsed since my attack of la grippe, and during that time I was not able to do any work. My whole system seemed exhausted, and my nerves shattered. On fine days I would go out for a while, but often I would become so weak and dizzy that I could scarcely get back to the house. One day a neighbor asked me why I did not try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. I thought the advice might be worth taking, and I sent for a half dozen boxes of the pills. Before they were gone there was no doubt I had found a medicine that was helping me, and I got a further supply. I continued taking the pills for about three months, and before I quit using them I was feeling better and stronger than I had done for years. Every symptom of the weakness that had followed la grippe was gone, and my back which had bothered me for so many years was almost as strong as in boyhood. I have since done many a hard day's work, and been exposed to bad weather, but without any evil effects, and I can truly say Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have restored me to vigorous manhood." Dr. Williams' Pink Pills cure such cases as the one noted above, because they create new, rich, red blood, thus strengthening weak and shattered nerves. They do not purge and weaken like other medicines, but strengthen from the first dose to the last. Sold by all dealers in medicine, or sent post-paid at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50 by addressing the Dr. Williams Medicine Company, Brockville, Ont.

The Ironical Beggar.

"I'm hungry, sir," said the beggar. "Won't you give me enough to get a meal?" "Here, my good man," said Mr. Pompos. "here's a penny for you." "Oh! thank you, sir," said the beggar, having got a paper tablet about the way. "I always get dyspepsia when I overeat myself."—Philadelphia "Press."

"In saying last week," remarks a Western Kansas paper, "that 'if everybody will take an interest and help supply the needed material our new cemetery will prove a success,' we were the victim of a typographical error. We wrote 'cremery,' not 'cemetery,' and the hellish typo did the rest."

Why Beauty Fades And Sufferings Come.

Real beauty is rare. It belongs to perfect health. Just as soon as the blood gets thin and watery and the nerves become exhausted beauty fades, wrinkles show themselves, the beautiful curves give way to leanness and angles. Nervousness quickly destroys beauty of face and form. The female organism becomes deranged and there are sufferings almost unbearable at the monthly periods. Too often women come to believe these mysterious pains and aches a part of their existence. They fail to realize that by keeping the blood and nerves in perfect health they can preserve youth and beauty and avoid an endless amount of suffering.

Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, the great blood builder and nerve restorative, is woman's greatest blessing from youth to old age. It helps her over the trying periods of her life and prepares the system in every way to perform naturally the duties of womanhood. It enriches the blood supply, keeps the nerves calm and steady, and assists in the development of glowing, healthful beauty. A few weeks' treatment with this great Food cure will do wonders for every woman who is pale, thin, weak and nervous.

DR. CHASE'S NERVE FOOD.

50 cents a box. All dealers, or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Toronto.

New York by Night.

HERE is life and activity all night long in New York—the surface cars and elevated trains run throughout the twenty-four hours. Many restaurants, pharmacists, cigar stores, etc., keep open, and "Raines-law hotels" thrive. Travel at night has increased greatly since electricity became the motive power. In summer a ride in the open cars offers a welcome relief from the oppressive heat, while in winter the cars are brilliantly lighted and heated and ventilated, to suit all tastes—or none.

As an all-night city it is said that New York comes right after Berlin, and has outstripped Paris. At midnight Broadway knows not the stillness of night. The theaters are out, and its departing crowds through the street, pack the cars, and for the next two hours fill nearly all restaurants, grill-houses and bars. Men and women in evening dress go to and fro in cars, hansoms and private carriages. Even more animated is Third Avenue near Fourteenth street. A number of shops are still open, strollers singly, in pairs or groups, move along, while newsboys cry out their late extras and an odor of kerosene blended with that of sauteed meat comes from the kettle of the vendor of "frankfurters." The last strains of popular songs and "rag-time" in concert and dancing-halls die away at one o'clock, and saloons and liquor stores apparently close up. Only the "all-night" places remain wide open. The front door of the "Raines-law hotels" is locked, and the shades are drawn up, allowing full view of the dimly-lighted barroom, while the bartenders serve drinks in a back room, the patrons making their entrance and exit through the back door, the "family entrance."

Many streets are deserted by two o'clock. Policemen are rarely seen, horses are getting their well-earned rest, only a mail-wagon is rattling down the street toward the postoffice, and New York appears to fall asleep, but not for long. Now and then the flare of powerful torches brightens the night. Strong-muscled men with spades and pick-axe are at work shifting the railroad tracks or paving the street. Once in a while the stillness is interrupted by that piercing siren which rouses the citizen from his sleep and draws him irresistibly to the window, the shrill whistle and the gong of the fire-engine, the rushing triad of horses needing checking rather than urging from the driver.

Dreamy silence prevails at the riverfront, at intervals interrupted by the distant sound of a fog-horn. The gleam of the lanterns on the framework of the wharves is reflected in the slightly rippling waters, forming strange golden arabesques on the dark surface. Red or green lights glide and vanish like so many will-o'-the-wisps. Cold and gray the day is breaking, heaven and earth enwrapped in gloomy mist; but before the sun casts its first rays upon the waters of the harbor and the sea of roofs, the newspaper delivery wagons come tearing along at break-neck speed, and still the driver lashes his horses; bakers in slippers, their clothes covered with flour, emerge from the cellars to get a breath of fresh air, and the teamsters of all sorts begin their rounds. Ice wagons start their deliveries, and milk-carts are already on their rounds.

Windows are opened, shades are drawn up, matches struck, and the housewives of the working class begin to prepare the breakfast. The eastern sky grows brighter and brighter, street lamps are extinguished, and the refreshing morning breeze carries forth, abrupt sounds, which increase with every minute. Wagons with vegetables, meat, fruit, etc., increase in numbers. The white-winged brigade begin their work of cleaning the big thoroughfares. Hansoms and cabs, packed with trunks, convey their tired passengers to the stations or hotels. Bicyclists carry their wheels carefully downstairs for a merry morning spin. Newsdealers are making their rounds, mechanics, tools in hand, and swinging their dinner-pails, hasten to their shops, while troops of young girls are hurrying on to the factories. New York awakens more and more. The sun, fully risen, overspreads streets and

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is all we ask. You owe it to yourself to see if what we claim is true.

"SALADA"

Ceylon Tea is the finest you can purchase. Sold in lead packets only. Black, Green or Mixed.



houses with golden gleam. The city assumes a different countenance, the streets are alive with people, stores are opened, servant girls sweep and scrub the stoops of mansions and dwelling-houses, grocery boys deliver their orders. Railroad trains follow one another in quick succession, packed by the commuters who earn their daily bread in the metropolis, ferries are overcrowded, traffic on the elevated is enormous, and the city, wide-awake now, has reverted to her element of noise and turbulence for the next sixteen hours.

The Remorseful Cakes.

A little boy named Thomas ate hot buckwheat cakes for tea—A very rash proceeding, as We presently shall see.

He went to bed at eight o'clock. As all good children do. And source had closed his little eyes. When he most restless grew.

He wrapped one leg around his waist And tumbled over his ear, While mamma wondered what on earth Could all her little dear.

But sound he slept, and as he slept He dreamt an awful dream Of being spanked with hickory slabs Without the power to scream.

He dreamt a great big lion came And ripped and raved and roared—While on his breast two furious bulls In mortal combat gored.

He dreamt he heard the flop of wings Within the chimney-flue—And down there crawled, to gnaw his ears, An awful bugaboo!

When Thomas rose next morn, his face As pallid as a sheet; "I never more," he firmly said, "Will cakes for supper eat." —Eugene Field's "Sharps and Flats."

What is Gambling?

WHAT is gambling? That is a question of considerable interest at present, when in some parts of the world the most demoralizing of vices, in the United States," writes Ex-Attache "pulpit and press unite in making it a theme for scathing denunciation, and committees of private citizens are devoting an immense amount of energy to its suppression among the masses."

"It is difficult to find two people who entertain the same view of the subject. There are some, for instance, who hold that merely playing cards is gambling, and who look upon a pack of cards as an invention of the Devil. Yet night after night one may see bishops of the Church of England playing their rubber in the card-room at the Athenaeum Club in London, and the late Bishop Wilberforce of Winchester was known to be one of the best whist players in England. Nor was the late Queen Victoria, who entertained a holy horror of gambling, averse to a rubber, and she enjoyed playing the game of cards known as "Patience."

"Emperor William, who almost brought about a disruption of the Union Club, at Berlin, some years ago by endeavoring to restrict card-playing there, is himself exceedingly fond of a game of cards known as 'Skat,' his stakes being modest—on a par, indeed, with those of the right-reverend fathers who frequent the card-room of the Athenaeum Club in London. The czar, who recently issued decrees to check gambling at the clubs and in the fashionable saloons of his capital, delights in boquerie, which he plays almost every evening as his father did before him. Francis Joseph is like most of his subjects both in Austria and Hungary, addicted to the popular game of "Tarok."

"From the above cases it may be seen that some of the most scrupulous and high-principled people in the world see nothing wrong in a game of cards, even when played for money, and decline to accept the view that all card-playing is necessarily wrong. There are others who endeavor to make distinctions between the various games of cards, dividing them into two classes—namely, games of skill, which are not gambling, and games of chance, which are gambling. But this distinction is specious. For virtually all games of cards are games of skill. "King Edward, it seems to the writer, has given the most sensible and broad-minded definition of gambling. He describes gambling as a form of intemperance. The word intemperance does not merely mean an abuse of liquor. The excessive use of anything constitutes intemperance, and it is intemperance in cards and intemperance in betting that constitute gambling. That is what King Edward meant in his memorable letter to the late Archbishop of Canterbury, when he described himself as having a horror of gambling. He is fond of a game of cards, but he loathes gambling. That is to say, he

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I am not a Doctor, but the great medical scientists, Dr. Mortimore and Dr. Hood of London, know, say so in their books. But, by Jove, for my own self I say it makes me happy and puts me in good humor with the world, which is something.

likes to play for the sake of the pastime which the game affords, the stakes being, of course, proportionate to the means of the players. There is no doubt he enjoyed his game quite as much when playing for five shilling points at Hughenden Manor with Lord Beaconsfield, who was a poor man, and with Bernal Osborne and Lord Rowton, as when playing for twenty guinea points with such men as Baron Hirsch, Reuben Sassoon and Ferdinand Rothschild.

"People who allow themselves to be led either by the excitement of the game or by false pride and snobbishness to stake more than they can afford to lose are undoubtedly guilty of gambling. The moment card play is resorted to for the sake of the winnings, and, instead of a pastime and a contest of skill, is used as a sordid method of fleecing acquaintances and friends, then it becomes gambling."

"It is the same with horse-racing. The late Marquis of Hastings, for instance, who had staked every cent of his fortune upon his horse, Lady Elizabeth, winning the Derby of 1858, was a gambler. The late Baron Hirsch could bet at any time a larger amount than Lord Hastings wagered upon one or another of his horses, but nobody ever dreamed of setting him down as a gambler, the difference being that he could afford to lose, whereas Lord Hastings could not."

"Betting is illegal in England, as it is in the United States and Canada, but what the law had in view in Great Britain was the abuse of and intemperance in betting. The legislation was aimed at those people who, in the hope of becoming rich quickly, stake far more than they can afford on a horse, of the points of which they are in nine cases out of ten profoundly ignorant. It is the difficulty of distinguishing between the bets of those who can afford to wager and those who cannot afford it that has contributed to make the application of the statutes against betting almost impracticable."

Pity the Poor Rich.

The "Youth's Companion" tells of two ladies discussing the spectacular existence of a very rich man.

"Yes, my dear," said one, "I knew him when he worked for Uncle Joe for three dollars a week. Of course that is the fixed price for all millionaires who have made their money, and it does make one tired, but this is literally true. And now he has a house in New York, another at Newport, a farm on Long Island, an estate in Lenox and cottages at Tuxedo and Aiken, besides a yacht and a private car that is the apotheosis of leather and gilding."

"Where is his home?" asked the other.

"Home? He hasn't any. When they get as rich as that they've no more home instinct than milk-cans."

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The last and sixth of the season's Monday popular concerts in Victoria Hall was given last Monday. The instrumental selections consisted of compositions arranged for two pianos, and included several heavy and exacting numbers, among which may be mentioned the Moszkowski concerto, Liszt's Les Preludes and Saint-Saens' Danse Macabre. The pianists were Mrs. Sullivan Mallon, Miss Ethel Husband, Miss Lillian Landell, Messrs. Percy Hook and Percy Eggert, Miss Lillian Porter and Miss Beatrice Dent. Speaking generally, the performers displayed a surprisingly well-developed technique, brilliant and exact. That such difficult compositions were played with so much clarity and musicality for the progress of pianoforte playing in this city. The vocalists were Miss Ellen Millett and Miss Lillian Kirby, the first of whom sang Godard's Angels Guard Thee, and the latter the Lost Chord, in an effective and expressive manner. Miss Rhoda Block contributed a couple of readings with excellent elocutionary ability.

According to the "Musical World," Dr. Cabaner states that the flowers feared by singers are mimosas, tuberoses, hyacinths, and violets. They induce hoarseness, and then full loss of voice. Renee Richard noticed that she was affected when her pupils wore violets. Christine Nilsson told the doctor of a singer who once sang in a parlor where the air was heavy with roses of various kinds; after he was through, he had a violent headache, and he lost his voice for several months. Adele Isaac and Calve find white elders harmful. "Faure claims that violets are more dangerous to the voice than even tobacco and alcohol."

According to London "Truth," the Russian General Krivanowski has discovered a new way to utilize music in the Russian army. All Russian troops, it is declared, sing on the march, and the worthy general hopes to cause them to be known by the tune that they sing, in order that he may tell in what part of the field each regiment is at a given moment. "Truth" adds: "The idea is capable of expansion. Instead of, as now, ordering the Twelfth Battalion Loyal West Downshire Regiment to move to the support of the Fourteenth Battery Royal Horse Artillery, Lord Kitchener could issue such orders as 'Tommy Make Room for Your Uncle to assist There's Air, and march The Horse That Missis Dries the Clothes On to cover the retreat of The Ballist's Daughter of Islington with Two Lovely Black Eyes. My Pretty Jane will remain with the commander-in-chief, and the Absent-Minded Beggar can join Lord Methuen!'"

The combined banjo, mandolin and guitar clubs of the Toronto University and the College of Music, under the direction of Mr. George F. Smedley, their clever instructor, gave a very successful concert in the Guild Hall on Wednesday evening of last week. One of the prettiest numbers of the evening was Thome's Simple Aveu, played with much taste and skillful execution by a quintette consisting of the Misses Lennox, Westman, Kalmeyer, Balmer and Gregg. The effect was charming of its kind, and the young ladies received a prolonged demonstration of plaudits. The combined clubs in their ensemble numbers showed considerable technical dexterity, and had evidently been well drilled in regard to time and nuances. Mr. Smedley himself contributed solos on the mandolin, guitar and banjo, proving that he is an expert on each of these instruments. The assisting artists were Mr. A. L. E. Davies, bass, and Miss Tessa McCallum, reader, who gave pleasing variety to the programme.

Mr. W. E. Haslam, formerly of Toronto, seems to be doing well in Paris. A correspondent of a New York musical journal writes: "Haslam, the well-known singing master, will shortly give a conference in Paris on 'L'Art du Chant,' explaining the results of his own researches and experience, as well as attempting to disprove some of the more prevalent erroneous theories connected with the art of teaching singing. The subject will be exhaustively treated under the four divisions—tone production, in which the confederer will introduce his own system of vocal emission; technique, where the necessity of treating each vocal tone under its three different phases of pitch, color and intensity will be shown; and also the interesting branches of style and repertory. Considerable interest is already aroused in the matter, this highly successful teacher having some very decided views on the subject, views which may not be shared by some of his colleagues. Haslam is an excellent linguist and fluent speaker, being a pupil in declamation of Mons. Joliet of the Comedie-Francaise."

A correspondent of the London "Daily Telegraph" counsels English composers to avoid the opera houses of Italy, for they will never get either fair play or any decent return for the hospitality Italian musicians receive in England. The production of Messaline at the Milan Scala resolved itself, it seems, into a faction fight. The correspondent says: "In spite of opposition, however, the performance was a complete success. The composer, Mr. Isidore de Lara, and the chief artists, Mme. Renee Vidal, Mme. Oshlino, Mr. T. Magnano and Mr. Maggini-Colletti, were cheered forward again and again. There were encore after quite an ovation at the fall of the curtain. There were also yells and hisses, and, with few exceptions, the press of Milan is severely unfavorable. The very same critics, it may be added, wrote highly eulogistic articles when they heard the work at Monte Carlo. However, nobody attaches much importance to hostile criticism in Italy, all the more as

two of the operas which received the worst treatment at the hands of local critics, Cavalleria and Pagliacci to wit, have prospered, and continue to do so. As regards the attitude of the real public, it will suffice to say that the advance booking for Messaline would justify the management in giving a series of twelve performances." The "Telegraph," in its comment, says that critical abuse is certain to be the lot of the English composer in Italy, and less the stranger is prepared to fall in with the "custom of the country," a somewhat expensive and unsatisfactory method of winning expert approval.

The London "Era" speaks in very complimentary terms of Eugene Cowles, now singing in London with the Alice Nielsen Opera Company in The Fortune Teller. It says: "Mr. Cowles is a Canadian by birth, and studied singing in Chicago. He has one of the most magnificent bass voices that we have heard for a long time, and his commanding appearance as Sandor completes the effect of a really remarkable performance which will be the talk of the whole musical world. He has composed many songs and ballads, and is a clever musician."

On Monday evening last Mr. Arthur Blight entertained a number of his pupils at his studio in Richmond street west. An impromptu programme of vocal music was arranged, the following pupils taking part: Mrs. Lillie, Miss Allan, Miss Bingham, Miss Haines, Miss Shannon, Miss Lee, Miss Hughes, Miss Matthews and Miss Mathewson, and Messrs. Barton, Bell, Curtis, Coulter, Dow, Niel, Maywood, Reive, E. H. Stirling, W. T. Stirling, Trout, Tyrrell and Whyte. At the close of the programme Mr. Blight sang a group of Chadwick's songs, including his splendid setting of the Bedouin Love Song. The accompaniments were played by Mrs. Blight, who filled that position well and added much to the evening's enjoyment.

The following interesting programme of pianoforte music was played in the Conservatory Music Hall last Saturday evening by Miss Nettie McTaggart, an earnest and progressive student of Mr. J. W. F. Harrison, who graduated with honors last year, and is now taking a post-graduate course: Beethoven's Sonata, op. 31, No. 3 (Menuetto, Presto con fuoco); Chopin's Polonaise, E flat, with organ accompaniment by Mr. Harrison; Sokalsky's Souvenir, Hensel's Si Oiseau j'etais; Macdowell's Witches' Dance, Schumann's Why and Whims, Chopin's Bolero, Liszt's Rhapsodie, No. 2. Miss McTaggart had the assistance of the following students from the vocal department, who performed their part in a pleasing and creditable manner—Miss Ethel Webster, pupil of Mrs. J. W. Bradley; Misses Elsie Blake and Jennie Lawson, Messrs. Arthur Heyes and Charles E. Clarke, pupils of Miss A. Denzil.

Mrs. Julie Wyman, the well-known artist and teacher, has decided to remain in Toronto until the last of September, when she will take up her residence in New York. Mrs. Wyman will continue her teaching at the Conservatory of Music until the close of the present season, and will also take a limited number of pupils there during the months of July and August.

Mr. Felix Borowski, professor of composition in the Chicago Musical College, thinks that English organists are second to none in the world, and can only be compared with those of America. Writing in the "Philharmonist," the new Chicago musical paper, he says that they have successfully avoided in their playing the clatter of the French, and the uninteresting monotony of the German performers. Their compositions for the instrument he, however, characterizes as banal and destitute of originality, although very correct from the theoretic standpoint.

On Monday evening next will be held in the Concert Hall of the Toronto Conservatory of Music the first of an interesting series of five organ and piano recitals to be given by pupils of Mr. J. W. F. Harrison at the Ontario Ladies' College, Whitby. The directors of this institution, being determined to keep the standard of the music department at a high level, have arranged for the students to take the recitals in question are to be given by two organ and three piano pupils of the college, who intend graduating at the Conservatory. The first piano recital will be given on Monday by Miss Helena Mitchell, a clever pupil of Mr. J. W. F. Harrison, and will be followed by the others on the dates announced on the programme. Should any friends of the college fail to receive invitations, they can be obtained at the Toronto Conservatory of Music.

One of the most impressive musical customs of mediaeval Germany, says the New York "Evening Post," was that of sending three or four trombone players up the church towers three times a day to play a solemn chorus. This custom is still kept up in Stuttgart and neighboring villages. The Moravian Church of Bethlehem, Pa., also has had a well-trained trombone choir since 1754. During the Bach festival six of these players will open the performance with a chorus played from the belfry. The festival will last three days—May 23 to 25—and the three works which will be produced there are the Christmas oratorio, the Passion according to St. Matthew, and the Mass in B minor.

The second and last concert of the season of Mr. Torrington's orchestra passed off very pleasantly at the Massey Hall on Tuesday evening. In the presence of an audience that was fairly sized, considering the increased disposition people are showing to take their

entertainment out of doors. The orchestra has now a large number of influential subscribers, and the prospects for next season ought to be more favorable than they were at the beginning of this. Making a rough guess, there appeared to be about fifty or sixty performers on the platform, a very respectable muster. They gave a very creditable account of themselves, showing plenty of enthusiasm and vigor, and in many respects encouraging technical proficiency. Points in which there is special room for improvement are the quality of tone and the attack of the wind instruments, greater clearness and less obtrusiveness in the accompaniments on the part of all the sections, and a better and more uniform system of bowing and phrasing on the part of the strings. With continued support from the public, and increased experience and instruction, the orchestra will, of course, remedy these defects. The selections were of a popular order, embracing Adama's tuneful but trivial overture, Le Caid; Gruenwald's Confession et Repose de la Vierge (for strings), Wallace's overture, Maritana, a selection from Carmen, Kela Bela's waltz, Souvenir de Lucerne; Wagner's Tannhauser March, Lacombe's Aubade Printanier, The Swan, Gavotte and Bernstein's galop, Winter Frolics. The orchestra showed to the best advantage in the Massenet composition, in which the strings, being untrammelled by the wind, played with greater certainty and a better singing tone than in the numbers for full orchestra. The Wallace overture and Wagner March from Tannhauser were somewhat scrambled, but nevertheless the audience bestowed the greatest applause of the evening on the latter, and demanded and obtained a partial repeat. The lighter numbers were rendered in a very praiseworthy manner. The vocalist was Miss Grace Lillian Carter, the Boston mezzo soprano, who sang Saint-Saens' familiar aria, My Heart at Thy Sweet Voice, with much grace and smoothness of style, and with warm but not strained expression. Her voice is an eminently pleasing one, and gives bright promise for the future. Miss Lillian Landell, the solo pianist of the occasion, played the first movement of Beethoven's concerto in C minor, in which she displayed a facile and elastic touch, excellent finger technique and a legitimate, if somewhat restrained interpretation. Mr. John Bayley, who had been summoned from Buffalo for the concert, occupied his old post as leader of the orchestra, and proved himself once more vigilant and reliable in that capacity. Mr. Torrington conducted with his accustomed skill and energy.

Many will, no doubt, be interested to learn that an opportunity for taking the course for teachers in the Fletcher Music Method, Simplex and Kindergarten, is shortly to be presented. Miss Evelyn Ashton Fletcher, the originator of this now universally famous system of musical instruction for children, will, in July, begin a six weeks' course of instruction for those desiring to become teachers. The Method, endorsed by scores of most eminent musical authorities, affords great pecuniary and other advantages to teachers, the demand for whom constantly increases. For particulars (including special board rates) apply to Miss Evelyn Ashton Fletcher, 50 Francis Street, Brookline, Mass., or Mr. E. L. Roberts, Secretary Metropolitan School of Music, Limited, Toronto.

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Madame Albani made her farewell to the Toronto public on Friday evening and Saturday afternoon of last week at the Massey Hall, and was greeted by large and enthusiastic audiences on each occasion. The Canadian prima donna was in good singing form, and gave a selection that included both florid and sentimental numbers. She was recalled again and again at each concert, and the reception she obtained left no doubt as to the affectionate love in which she is held by the public. As Madame Albani is the only Canadian singer who has won a world-wide reputation, one may express regret and surprise at the tactless, and in some cases brutal, attacks made upon her by a few of the newspapers in this province. Mme. Albani has had the unpleasant and mortifying experience of being depreciated by her own countrymen, after being accepted in England, Germany and the Continent. It does not take much discernment to infer that a singer of fifty years of age will scarcely be in the zenith of her powers vocally, but it was ungracious and uncalled for to lay stress upon the fact, especially as the London critics of repute, who probably know as much about music and the art of singing as Canadians, have always kind words to say of her, while the public need no instruction on this point. I may venture the opinion that if half the young singers of the present day were to sing as artistically as Mme. Albani now does, they probably would make a handsome income, either in opera or in concert. Miss Foster again delighted her hearers by the rich, sensuous beauty of her voice and her generally intelligent delivery of her numbers. M. Tivador Naches' principal effort was in the Andante and Finale of the Mendelssohn concerto, which he interpreted with warmth of tone and expression and neat and exact execution.

Mr. H. M. Blight was given a very gratifying good-bye at the Massey Hall

on Saturday evening on the occasion of the complimentary concert tendered to him by leading professional musicians of the city. Mr. Blight himself contributed to a very attractive programme, and was most enthusiastically applauded both before and after his singing of the Lost Chord. The artists who gave their services were Mrs. Julie Wyman, Mrs. Le Grand Reed, Miss Lina Adamson, Miss Franziska Heinrich, Mr. Carnahan, Mr. Owen Smiley, Mrs. Blight and the Sherlock Male Quartette, and it is almost needless to say that with such talent the programme was carried out to the great pleasure of everyone.

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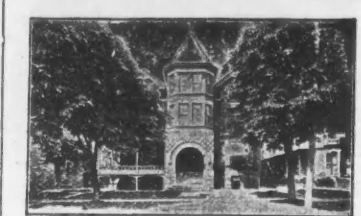
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This is the best and most comfortable route, and carries passengers through the "Most Interesting and Attractive Parts of Canada and the Western States." For tickets, pullman berths and all information apply to agents Grand Trunk Railway System, or to north-west corner of King and Yonge Streets, Toronto. J. W. RYDER, C.P. & T.A., Phone Main 1269. M. C. DICKSON, District Passenger Agent. Picturesque Pan-American route to Buffalo

CANADIAN PACIFIC RY.

Upper Lake Service

Commencing May 2nd, Steamships "Alberta," "Athabasca" and "Manitoba" will leave Owen Sound Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays at 1.30 p.m., after arrival of Express leaving Toronto at 8.25 a.m.

Connection will be made at Sault Ste. Marie and Port Arthur and Fort William for all points west.

A. H. NOTMAN, Assistant General Passenger Agent, 1 King Street East, TORONTO.

THE WABASH RAILROAD

Is the short and true route to the Great Pan American Exposition, to be held at Buffalo, May 1st to October 31st. Five solid wide vestibule trains daily. It is acknowledged by travelers to be the best line passing through Canada, using the celebrated free reclining chair cars. If excellence of equipment counts for anything, the Wabash should be considered as having reached the very apex of idealism in modern railroading. Tickets, time-tables and all information from H. R. Agent, or J. A. Richardson, District Passenger Agent, north-east corner King and Yonge Streets, Toronto, and St. Thomas, Ont.

Yellowstone National Park.

Competitors of the Northern Pacific Railway say the name Yellowstone National Park is one to conjure with, thus unwittingly bearing witness to the wonders of that wonderful Wonderland. Next July the railway will make exceedingly low rates to San Francisco, as for example, \$59.00 from Chicago, including return via Portland and R. F. S. Go and see for yourself, California, Oregon, Washington, Montana, the cities of Portland, Tacoma, Seattle, Spokane, Helena, Butte, St. Paul, Minneapolis, Duluth and the Superiors, and last, but not least, Yellowstone National Park. If you will send to Chas. S. Fee, St. Paul, Minn., for an Epworth League map folder, you will see the necessity of buying your tickets for return via the N. P. R., as no other line can offer you all of these attractions or more than a fraction thereof. We have the only rail line to the Park.

THE Rolston Laundry Company

HEAD OFFICES—165 to 174 KING ST. WEST, TORONTO

The Piano that has the greatest refinement of tone is the best instrument FOR YOU; it might not be appreciated by someone not so discriminating. As to prices and terms—we can show you how you can become the owner of the ideal

Mason & Risch Piano

You only need to give us the opportunity, and you can find us at 32 King Street West

THE MASON & RISCH PIANO COMPANY, LIMITED.

Social and Personal.

A very pretty wedding was solemnized in the Methodist Church, Omeme, on Tuesday, when Mr. John Craig Eaton of Toronto was married to Miss Florence McCrae, youngest daughter of Mr. John McCrae of Omeme. The church, which had been beautifully decorated, was crowded with guests, many having traveled down from Toronto in a special train. The officiating ministers were Rev. E. Roberts of Lindsay and Rev. E. Brown, pastor of the church. The bridesmaid was Miss Anna McCrae, sister of the bride; Mr. Frank McMahon was groomsmen. The bride wore white silk organdie, lace inserted, over white taffeta, the bodice having a tucked yoke. A Brussels net veil was held in place by a cluster of lilies of the valley. She carried a bouquet of roses and lilies. Her only ornament was a diamond and pearl pin, the gift of the groom. The bridesmaid was dressed in a pretty blue flowered organdie, with lace-inserted flounces. The bodice had a yoke of white tucked organdie, and was trimmed with lace and black velvet. A black picture hat, with plumes, completed an effective toilette. A reception was held at the residence of the bride's father, after which a sumptuous dejeuner was served. The happy couple left on the 5 p.m. train for Toronto, amid showers of confetti and the best wishes of many friends. The bride's traveling costume was a tailor-made blue homespun, and a hat of blue straw. Mr. Timothy Eaton's gift to the bride was a handsome chateleine watch, set in diamonds. Among the guests present at the wedding were Mr. and Mrs. John McCrae, parents of the bride; Mr. and Mrs. T. Eaton, parents of the groom; Miss S. Scarff, Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Burdon, Mr. and Mrs. W. F. Eaton, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Milligan, Miss Annie McCrae, Miss Ella McCrae, Mrs. R. McCrae of Peterborough, Dr. J. H. Cotton, Dr. Holford Walker, Mr. and Mrs. H. C. Barker, Mr. and Mrs. D. Reid of Reabro, Miss Gypsy Housser, Miss Ada Rundle, Miss W. W. Scott, Miss A. Pringle, Miss Gretta Burdon, Master Harry Burdon, Mr. Frank McMahon, Mr. R. Y. Eaton, Mr. and Mrs. R. W. Eaton, Mr. Elmer Smith, Mr. John McCrae, Jr., Mr. Arthur McCrae, Mr. Will McCrae, Master Clifford Mulligan. On their return from their honeymoon Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Eaton will reside at 91 Walmer road.

Mr. J. R. Walker has just returned from a business trip to Florida, where he was the guest of Mr. J. E. Ingraham, vice-president of the Florida East Coast Railway, St. Augustine.

Mrs. Harley Roberts gave an evening musical on Thursday at her residence, 99 Charles street, at which, beside her musical club, a bright party of friends were entertained.

Miss Evelyn Mackenzie of Montreal is going to Paris. Mrs. Lett of Colling-

Fairweather's



Novelties In Duck In Pique In Linen

Looking for something dainty, light, serviceable and dressy in a plain or more elaborately trimmed ready-to-wear hat? Let us commend you to choose from our collection of novelties in duck, in pique, or in linen. Some very plain, some quite fancy, all nice and up-to-date in style.

Prices \$3.00 to \$5.00.

84 Yonge St.

wood, who was last week the guest of Mrs. R. A. Harrison, has gone abroad for a trip. Mr. Angus Kirkland, Bank of Montreal, is going to England next month. Mr. and Mrs. George Burton and Miss Augusta Hodgins are going to England about the middle of June. Mr. and Mrs. Edmund Bristol are going to England next week.

The June brides are to be many all over the Dominion. An interesting wedding arranged for June 5 will be that of Mr. Sloan of the Quebec Bank, Montreal, and Miss Annie Bethune of Ottawa.

Colonel and Mrs. McLean of Montreal return in a few days from a trip to Spain and Portugal.

The engagement of Miss Gillespie of The Maples, Platon, and Mr. W. G. Jaffray of Surrey Lodge is announced.

Mrs. Griffith and Miss Griffith of Church street, after an extended visit

SHEA'S THEATER

MATINEES DAILY, all seats 25.
EVENING PRICES, 25 and 50.

DIGBY BELL

In a new monologue entitled "The Information Bureau."

Indian Pygmies from Burmah.

The smallest colored midgets on earth.

GRACE KENNEDY & CO.

In the screamingly funny farce "MRS. MURPHY'S SECOND HUSBAND."

LITTLE ELAIE JAMES

Pocket edition of Cissie Loftus.

JOHN ROY & DEAN

The 20th century comers.

NEWELL, CHINQUILLA & DINERIO

Miss Chinquilla is a Cheyenne Indian Girl.

JOHN ROY & DEAN

The 20th century comers.

NEWELL & SHEVETIE

Comic bar artists.

Vaudeville's Vivacious Favorite

PATRICE

Presenting Geo. Totten Smith's Fairy Idyll

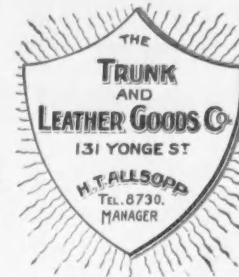
"THE GIRL IN THE MOON."

abroad, returned last week, and are at present making a short visit with Mrs. William Hewson of Niagara Falls.

Mr. James Ryrie, Miss Ryrie and Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Elliott registered at the Hotel Imperial, Chamomix, at the foot of Mount Blanc, on April 24th.

The marriage of Miss Susie V. Graham, second daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John C. Graham, to Mr. Albert W. Gee, of Fernie, B.C., who has lately returned from South Africa, having served with the Strathcona Horse, took place at the residence of the bride's father, 89 McGee street, on Tuesday afternoon, April 30, at three o'clock, in the presence of a large number of invited guests. The house was prettily decorated with palms and Easter lilies. The ceremony was performed by Rev. L. W. Hill, B.A., of Parliament street Methodist church. The bride wore a dress of white organdie over silk, and carried a bouquet of bridal roses tied with white ribbon. Her bridesmaids, Miss Etta Graham and Miss Geraldine Gee, looked charming in white, and carried large shower bouquets of pink roses. Miss Eva Bunting of Pickering acted as flower girl. Mr. Roy Gee was best man, and Mr. Wm. Graham bride's usher. The Wedding March was beautifully rendered by Mrs. J. Livingstone. After the ceremony refreshments were served in the dining-room, which was beautifully decorated for the occasion. The bride's travelling gown was of blue ladies' cloth, tailor-made, trimmed with stitched bands of the same shade of silk. The bolero jacket opened over a blouse of blue striped silk trimmed with white chiffon. The turban was of white tucked chiffon and gold, with large white ostrich plumes. The bride was the recipient of many handsome presents, including several substantial

Pan-American Exhibition



Steamship Road or Rail

A light weight Suit Case or handy Grip for your trip to the Exhibition. We have them—"very swell" and good leather, \$5.00 up.

For a foreign trip the requisite light but strong Basket Trunk is ever a favorite. Our new brown covered one is a gem. 36 inch \$24.00.

Rail and Road trips are well provided for by our Hand-Riveted Waterproof Canvas Trunks. \$4.50 to \$30.00.

We Deliver Free in Ontario.

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Steamship, Road or Rail

Pan-American Exhibition

The Epic of the Wheat

The OCTOPUS

Frank Norris' Great Novel Makes a Sensation.

The Most Important Work of Fiction yet Published in 1901

CLOTH \$1.50 PAPER 75c.

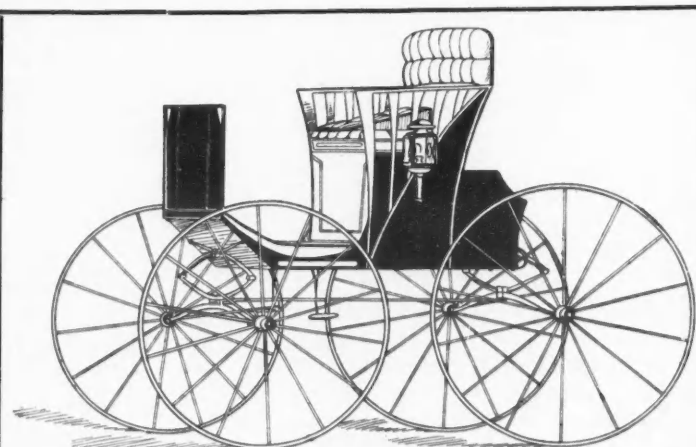
One of the most remarkable books that has been published in recent years is "The Octopus: A Story of California," by Frank Norris. It may be predicted that this great story will create a sensation all over the continent. It is a piece of work in which the reader sees at once the marks of masterful power.

AT ALL BOOKSELLERS, OR POST-PAID FROM

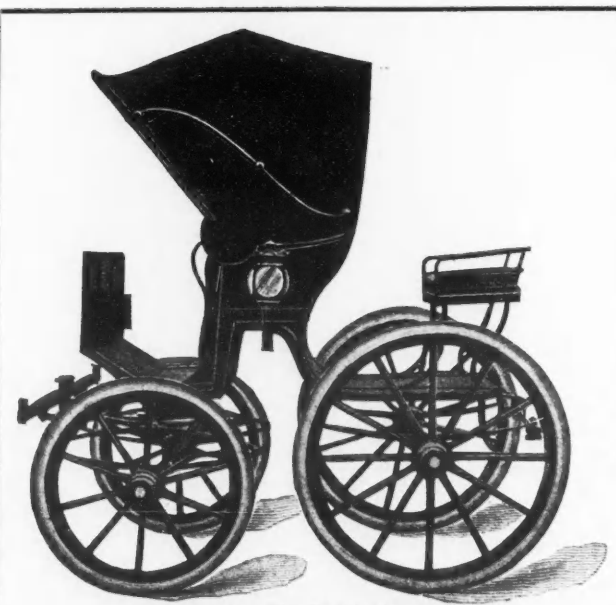
Geo. N. Morang & Co., Limited
90 WELLINGTON STREET WEST

checks. The gift of the bridegroom was a gold watch. The bridesmaids received rings set with emeralds and pearls. Mr. and Mrs. Gee left on the evening train for a trip east before leaving for their home in British Columbia, with the best wishes of a large concourse of friends.

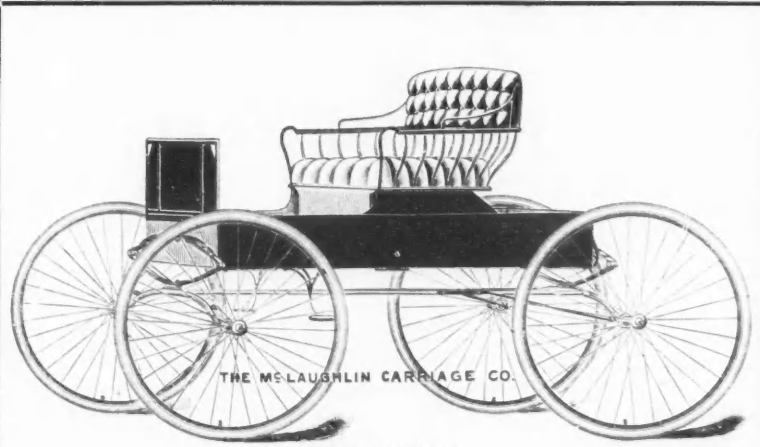
Carriages at the Horse Show



STANHOPE WAGON
Fitted with Dunlop Solid Rubber Tires.



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Fitted with Dunlop Detachable Tires and Dunlop Tubular Channels



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Fitted with Dunlop Detachable Tires and Dunlop Tubular Channels.

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ALL FITTED WITH DUNLOP CARRIAGE TIRES

(SOLID RUBBER AND PNEUMATIC)

Dunlop Carriage Tires are as Reliable and Popular as the Famous Dunlop Detachable Tire for Bicycles.

Write or call on us for particulars and demonstration. Consider the years which rubber tires add to the life of a vehicle. Get our prices. Find how easily and quickly you can have tires fitted to any carriage you own now. Carriage makers are putting Dunlops on most new vehicles.

The Dunlop Tire Co.
LIMITED



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TORONTO.

BRANCH DEPOTS IN

MONTREAL

ST. JOHN

WINNIPEG

VANCOUVER

OUR CHARGES ARE MODERATE
COME AND SEE



The Popular Top Coat for 1901 This most fashionable garment has been highly recommended by the *Pall Mall Gazette* in London and without doubt is the coat for this season. We have in stock all the new designs.

Three Button Morning Coat Suit The materials represented are in Oxford Gray Cheviot for coat and waistcoat, and a striped worsted trousering for the trousers.

R. SCORE & SON, TAILORS and HABERDASHERS, 77 KING ST. WEST

—OAK HALL—
FOR NATTY CHILDREN'S SUITS.



Boys' Suits.

"Wash" and Vestee

Mothers of boys who are particular to have them neatly and prettily dressed as a matter of course are patrons of Oak Hall. This is not idle talk, but it's practical experience that most any woman will back up in. We seem to have got the knack of originality and prettiness in designing that you find in no other makes. In fact we give just as much care and thought in producing nice clothing for the "little men" as for the big ones and you'll find varieties just as big and values just as excellent.

Wash Suits

We never had a bigger or nicer lot for you to select from. The assortment is splendid. Sizes enough to fit the biggest or the littlest boy you want to put a wash suit on.

\$1.25 to \$3.50.

Vestee Suits

They're amongst the prettiest things we show. Come in fine quality serges—cardinal, navy, black, etc., with separate wash collars. Prices \$3.00 to \$7.00. Something very special at \$6.50.

Oak Hall Clothiers

115 KING ST. EAST—116 YONGE ST.

clever, bright Sherbourne street lady are being congratulated upon their recent engagements. There seems no end to the matches which are being made hereabouts this year.

Invitations have been issued to the marriage of Miss Elizabeth Anne Brown, daughter of Mr. Adam Brown of Hamilton, and Mr. William Hendrie, jr. The ceremony is to take place on Wednesday, June 5, at half-past three o'clock, in the Church of the Ascension, Hamilton. A reception will afterwards be held at Bowbrook.

Miss Jessie M. Coons, osteopathic physician, and a skilled specialist, arrived in Toronto on Thursday. Miss Coons has just closed a very successful practice in Hiawatha, Kansas, to accept a position on the staff of the Toronto Institute of Osteopathy, 567 Sherbourne street, where she will have charge of the Ladies' Department.

A New Canadian Industry.

But it is only within the last year or so that Canada has added to its industries that of the cutting of flint glass for table use and ornamental purposes. Messrs. Gowans, Kent & Co. have the only glass-cutting plant Canada boasts. In one of the beautiful rooms of their warehouse, around whose walls are costly pieces of cloisonne and other valuable bric-a-brac, and dainty statuary in terra cotta, beautiful in design and of richest tones of color—a most fitting background—is a large collection of glass objects cut from the original blanks by their own workmen.

With a play of electric light upon this brilliant, scintillating mass, with its well-known power of refraction and dispersion, the effect is very striking. Cut glass for table use gives vitality and an effect of illumination to the whole. Every lady knows its desirability, its illuminating quality. The original blanks supplied by the famous "Baccarat" firm of Paris, and whose goods Gowans, Kent & Co. control for Canada, are of exceptional excellence in thickness, transparency, capability of sparkle, uniformity in modeling and the freedom from color so desirable in such massive glass. After scouring the United States to find a thoroughly competent foreman and designer, these merchants succeeded in securing the services of W. G. Clapperton, a workman of twenty-five years' experience, having been ten years in the celebrated Libby Cut Glass Works, Toledo. With him are a picked band of workers, also imported. With such a designer, the individuality of design so essential to artistic production, and so desirable to the purchaser, is possible, and Gowans, Kent & Co. promise this to purchasers by shutting off a repetition of design when desired. Naturally, these articles are produced cheaper than it is possible to import them. A duty of 60 per cent. is charged on all good foreign-cut glass entering the United States. The importer in Canada adds 20 per cent. duty to United States prices. Hence, a Canadian factory has a great advantage, and the home purchaser has also a very sensible financial advantage over the purchaser of the imported article, even if his national pride does little to give him satisfaction in the fact that his own country can give him quite as good an article.

For Smart Men.

The spring showing of Messrs. R. Score & Son comprises all the newest designs and styles in gentlemen's high-class tailoring and haberdashery, a better or more comprehensive display being difficult to find. Among their smart styles for spring overcoats is one they term "the popular top-coat for 1901," a particularly handsome and desirable garment.

Mrs. Cackle—The Rev. Mr. Longface said in his sermon that he was tempted to throw a few topcoats among the sleeping members of his congregation. Mr. Cackle—Why doesn't he throw a few into his sermon?

The Cradle, Altar and the Tomb.

Births.
Applegath—At 207 Beverley street, Monday, May 6th, to Mr. and Mrs. Jess Applegath, a daughter.
Palling—May 7th, Mrs. J. F. Palling, Barrie, a daughter.
Bogert—May 2nd, Mrs. M. S. Bogert, Toronto, a son.
Weaver—May 3rd, Mrs. Lester E. Weaver, Respector, a son.
Rac—April 25th, Mrs. W. A. Rac, Columbia, B.C., a son.
Sinclair—April 25th, Mrs. James H. Sinclair, Brooklyn, N.Y., a daughter.
Beake—May 1st, Mrs. A. Beake, Toronto, a son.
McCarthy—May 1st, Mrs. M. S. McCarthy, Sarnia, a daughter.
White—April 23rd, Mrs. Thomas J. White, Collingwood, a daughter.

Marriages.
Burns—Patton—April 10th, at Sewickley, Pa., William George Burns to Eleanor Wilson Patton.
Rouse—Culham—April 30th, at Islington, Ont., Wanford I. O. Rouse to Ella Culham.
Gardner—McMonies—May 6th, at Watford, Ont., Alex. Gardner to Lillian McMonies.

Deaths.
Davison—May 8th, at Deer Park, William Davison, aged 65 years.
Dew—May 8th, at Toronto, John Radcliffe Dew, in his 35th year.
Horner—May 7th, at Paris, Ont., Elizabeth Charlton Horner, in her 84th year.
Sadding—May 6th, at Toronto, Rev. Henry Sadding, D.D., in his 88th year.
Hunt—May 1st, at Toronto, Rev. John Hunt, in his 83rd year.
Warren—May 1st, at Toronto, Henry Warren, aged 65 years.
Sinclair—May 7th, at Beamsville, John Sinclair, aged 76 years.
Johnstone—May 8th, at Toronto, William Johnstone, in his 84th year.
Ferguson—May 6th, at Toronto, Robert Ferguson.
Kemp—May 3rd, at Exeter, Ont., Captain George Spencer Kemp, in his 64th year.
Blake—May 5th, at London, England,

ASK FOR Labatt's (LONDON)

An ale free from the faults of Lager and heavier brands of Ale and having the virtues of a pure beverage.

The Most Popular Gas Range Made Is the

OXFORD

Because it supplies an intense heat without using much gas.

Its patented valves and burners make such a big difference to the gas bills that you soon save enough on fuel to pay for the range—and have all the ease and convenience of cool cooking comfort to the good.

Have you seen them? They are made in many sizes and styles—all moderately priced.

Sold by leading dealers throughout Canada.

GURNEY OXFORD STOVE AND FURNACE CO., 231 Yonge Street
OXFORD STOVE STORE, 569 Queen Street West

The GURNEY FOUNDRY CO., Limited, Toronto, Winnipeg, Vancouver.

Rebecca, beloved wife of S. H. Blake, in her 64th year.
Barr—May 3rd, at Toronto, Helen Barr, aged 62 years.
Charlton—May 4th, at Rochester, Mary Hare Charlton.
Locke—April 30th, at Morden, Man., Esther Alice Holland Locke.
Macdonald—May 4th, at Toronto, Hugh Macdonald, in his 75th year.
Stainton—May 5th, at Toronto, Mary Agnes Stainton.
Kinnear—May 5th, at Toronto, Nellie Kinnear.
Hodgkins—May 6th, at Toronto, Rev. Thomas Hodgkins, aged 84 years.
King—April 30th, at Marquette, Man., Llewellyn Boyce King, aged 30 years.
Patton—April 30th, at Prescott, Ont., Andrew Patton, in his 53rd year.
Miller—April 28th, at Toronto, George Willis Miller, in his 75th year.

TENDERS FOR COAL, 1901.

Sealed tenders, addressed to the Provincial Secretary, Province of Ontario, Parliament Buildings, Toronto, and marked "Tenders for Coal," will be received up to noon on MONDAY, MAY 20th, 1901, for the delivery of coal in the sheds of the institutions named below, on or before the 15th day of July next, except as regards the coal for London, Hamilton, and Brockville Asylums, and Central Prison, as noted:

Asylum For Insane, Toronto.
Hard coal—1,200 tons large egg size, 150 tons stove size, 150 tons nut size. Soft coal—150 tons lump, 150 tons soft screenings.

Asylum For Insane, London.
Hard coal—2,250 tons small egg size, 250 tons stove size, 90 tons chestnut size. Soft coal—40 tons for grates. Of the 2,250 tons, 850 may not be required till January, 1902.

Asylum For Insane, Kingston.
Hard coal—1,350 tons large egg size, 250 tons small egg size, 25 tons chestnut size, 500 tons hard screenings, 500 tons soft screenings, 15 tons stove size (hard).

Asylum For Insane, Hamilton.
Hard coal—3,000 tons small egg size, 200 tons stove size, 100 tons chestnut size, coal for grates, 75 tons; for pump house, 200 tons imported slack; 120 tons imported screenings. Of the above quantity, 2,035 tons may not be required until January and February, 1902.

Asylum For Insane, Mimico.
Hard coal—1,500 tons large egg size, 140 tons stove size, 10 tons coal for grates, 100 tons soft screenings, 50 cords green hardwood.

Asylum For Idiots, Orillia.
Soft coal screenings or run of mine lump, 170 tons; 75 tons hard coal, stove size; 150 tons hard coal, grate; soft lump, 10 tons.

Asylum For Insane, Brockville.
Hard coal—1,750 tons large egg size, 200 tons stove size, 30 tons chestnut size, 14 tons No. 4 size; soft coal for grates, 4 tons.

Asylum For Female Patients, Cobourg.
Hard coal—300 tons, large egg size.

Central Prison, Toronto.
Hard coal—60 tons nut size, 100 tons small egg size. Soft coal—2,500 tons sort coal screenings or run of mine lump. The soft coal to be delivered monthly, as required.

Institution For Deaf and Dumb, Belleville.
Hard coal—775 tons large egg size, 100 tons small egg size, 12 tons stove size, 14 tons No. 4 size; soft coal for grates, 4 tons.

Institution For Blind, Brantford.
Hard coal—400 tons large egg size, 150 tons stove size, 15 tons chestnut size.

Reformatory For Boys, Penstang.
Eighty tons egg size, 57 tons stove size, 19 tons nut size, 800 tons sort coal screenings or run of mine lump. Delivered at institution dock.

Mercer Reformatory, Toronto.
Soft coal screenings or run of mine lump, 550 tons; stove coal, 110 tons.

Tenders are to specify the mine or mines from which the coal will be supplied, and the quality of same, and must also furnish satisfactory evidence that the coal delivered is true to name, fresh mined, and in every respect equal in quality to the standard grades of coal known to the trade.

Delivery is to be effected in a manner satisfactory to the Inspectors of Prisons and Public Charities. And the said inspectors may require additional amounts, not exceeding 20 per cent. of the quantities hereinbefore specified, for the above mentioned institutions to be delivered thereat at the contract prices at any time up to the 15th day of July, 1902.

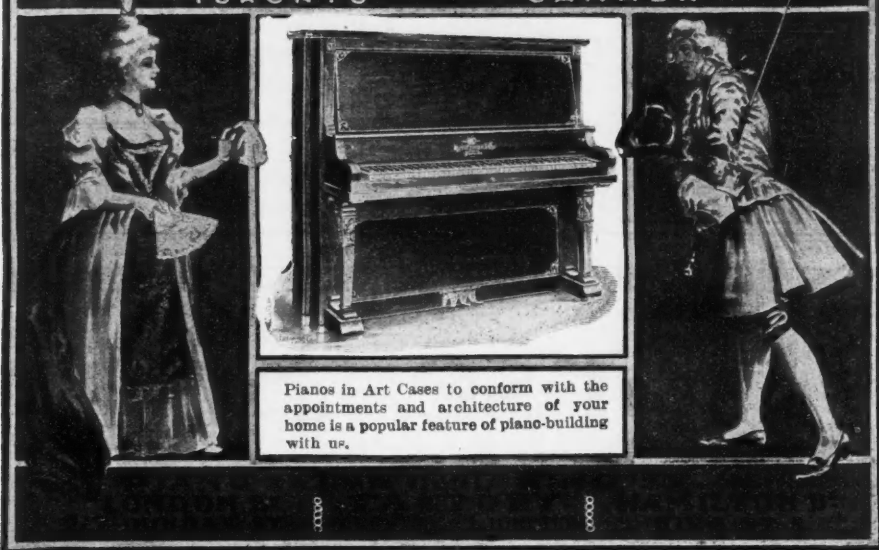
Tenders will be received for the whole quantity above specified, or for the quantities required in each institution. An accepted check for \$500, payable to the order of the Honorable the Provincial Secretary, must be furnished by each tenderer as a guarantee of his bona fides, and two sufficient sureties will be required for the due fulfillment of each contract. Specifications and forms and conditions of tenders may be obtained from the Inspectors of Prisons and Public Charities, Parliament Buildings, Toronto, or from the Bursars of the respective institutions. The lowest or any tender not necessarily accepted. Newspapers inserting this advertisement without authority from the department will not be paid for it.

J. R. STATTON, Provincial Secretary, Parliament Buildings, Toronto.

May 6, 1901.

J. YOUNG (Alex. Millard)
The Leading Undertaker
Phone 678. 350 YONGE STREET

HEINTZMAN & CO



Pianos in Art Cases to conform with the appointments and architecture of your home is a popular feature of piano-building with us.

Ladies

will appreciate the convenience of the

Square Opening KIT BAGS

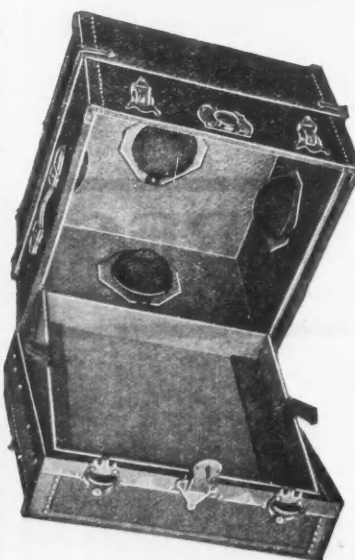
Every inch of space can be utilized and when closing bag the things do not get crushed. Stays open when being packed.

Made in Natural Grain Black Leather, Leather Lined, Brass Mountings.

No. 2978—14 in., \$7.50; 16 in., \$9.00.

Illustrated Catalogue, No. 7 S

will be of interest to you if you intend traveling. It also shows a great number of very handsome Wedding Gifts.



The HAT BOX

is a very necessary adjunct to one's traveling outfit.

Besides carrying the hats in perfect security one has a tray for smaller articles such as veils and gloves.

No. 2888 is Enamelled Duck Covered, Leather Bound, Lined, five shapes, with Tray. Price—\$7.50.

OTHER PRICES—\$5.00, \$7.00, \$9.00.

The JULIAN SALE

Leather Goods Co., Limited
105 King Street West

New Wallpapers

Our spring importations of American and foreign goods are now complete and we invite inspection.

The ELLIOTT & SON Co., Limited,
79 King Street West.

A pretty girl in Walmer road and a

Just the Thing

For any function, whether formal or modest, you'll find our Ice Cream just the thing. It is a delicate bit for refreshments, elegant enough to be used on the greatest occasion and you can afford it for little home parties. Let us have your order.

City Dairy Co., LIMITED

Spadina Crescent
Phone North 2040.



is specially prepared for household use, being free of snow and all impurities. It is the kind which insures satisfaction.

May we quote you our rates?

BELLE-EWART ICE CO.

Head Office—18 Melinda St., Toronto.
Telephone—Main 1947-2333.
We are the only dealers in Toronto who have always handled Lake Simcoe Ice exclusively.
Look for Yellow Wagons.

FLETCHER M'FG. CO.

440-42 YONGE ST.

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Kitchen Utensils
Dusters, Brushes
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ASK TO SEE OUR
"Sensible" Dust Pan